

SEPT. - OCT.

VOL. 6 - NO. 4

4MOST

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**WILL KIT CARTER
THE CADET DEFY
SINISTER MADAME LAFULA
AND WIN FOR DAUNTON?**

Find out in this issue!

PLUS

**ADVENTURES OF
DICK COLE!**
EDISON BELL
and
LEM THE GREM.

JOE
CERTA



WEB COMIC
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4THOUGHTS AND AFTERTHOUGHTS

NOTE FROM EDITORS:

"Lem the Grem" has gone over with a bang! Look at all the enthusiastic letters below praising our Lemuel Gremlin. We changed the layout of this whole issue of 4MOST at the very last minute just to give you another of his adventures. Write and tell us now if Lem is still "in the groove." If he isn't, we'll take him right out of 4MOST.

THE READERS WRITE:

Dear Editors:

I am writing about "Lem the Grem." He is now my favorite character in 4MOST comics. I just screamed when I saw his nose! In one way, he is a trouble-maker, and in another way, he plays Cupid.

Yours truly,
Billy Zahl
San Francisco, Calif.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I have just finished my Spring issue of 4MOST, and for my money it's the best comic published. Your new guy, "Lem the Grem," is now a popular figure in my neighborhood and all of us hope he will remain in 4MOST.

Yours sincerely,
Ronald Holcomb
Kansas City, Missouri

* * *

Dear Sirs:

I just finished reading "Lem the Grem," and I think it is O.K. on my part. I don't think anyone believes in gremlins though, but it is swell anyhow.

By the way, my favorite character in your magazine is "Edison Bell."

Your best fan,
Neil Mitchell
Lima, Ohio

* * *

Dear Editors:

I, as a fan of 4MOST, prefer "Lem the Grem" to "Candid Charlie" because Lem is always trying to help people. This type of story appeals to me.

In the Spring 1947 issue of your comic magazine, I enjoyed "Dick Cole" second only to "Lem the Grem." Numbered among my favorites also is "The Cadet" - Kit Carter.

When I go to buy a comic book, I always look first for 4MOST before making my choice.

Please keep "Lem the Grem" in this comic book.

Sincerely yours,
Frank Bell, Jr.
Dallas, Texas

Dear Editors:

The story of "Dick Cole" this month was the best yet. The blind boy, Will, had courage and fought his way through. Everyone should be like Will whether they are blind or not.

I like "Lem the Grem" for he is jolly and tries his best to help people be happy and do right.

4MOST is a good name for your comic, but I wish you would publish it monthly.

Sincerely yours,
Augusta Gibson
Winston-Salem, N. C.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I think "Lem the Grem" is swell. I like him better than "Candid Charlie" or "Grover and Bonnie." In fact, I think 4MOST comics are the best comics published.

The "Dick Cole" feature is so realistic that what happens to him seems to happen to you also.

Yours truly,
Virginia Eileen Carroll
Indianapolis, Ind.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I have been reading 4MOST for quite a while, and I have always found it very interesting. Since "Lem the Grem" has been added, 4MOST has really won my heart. He is such a nice little fellow trying to make people happy even though he gets them in trouble. However, he always manages to help them out of it. Please keep him in 4MOST.

I also think Will and Wolf in "Dick Cole" were wonderful and exciting. I hope to be seeing a lot more of them as most 4MOST fans do, too.

A 4MOST Fan,
Jean Cox
Naples, Fla.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I think 4MOST comics are the most excellent comics ever published.

"Lem the Grem" appeals to me more than any other feature in the book. I also like the artistic drawings in "Dick Cole" by Jim Wilcox.

I read also BLUE BOLT and TARGET comics. Your magazines contain clean and wholesome fun. In the near future, I hope you will publish 4MOST monthly instead of quarterly.

Respectfully yours,
Elinor Dobson
Fairhaven, Mass.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I like 4MOST and YOUNG KING COLE comics very much, and I get my copies every time they appear on the newsstands.

"Lem the Grem" in 4MOST is my favorite in laughs. My other favorites are "Dick Cole," "The Cadet," and "Candid Charlie."

I hope you will put a "Young King Cole" adventure in a future issue.

Very truly yours,
Robert Ceaspoal
Logan, W. Va.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I sincerely think that 4MOST comics is one of the best comics published. I especially like the stories based on "Lem the Grem." My mother says that it is one of her favorite stories also. I earnestly hope that he will be in the next issue and the future issues to come.

Sincerely yours,
Carol Ann Hardie
Canton, Ohio

* * *

Dear Editors:

I enjoy your stories of "Candid Charlie," but I think "Lem the Grem" tops him. He is really funny in the way he starts trouble and the manner in which he straightens it out in the end.


I hope I see more of "Lem the Grem."

Yours truly,
Henry Athinson
San Benito, Texas

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO 4MOST COMICS, 119 W. 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

DICK COLE



VACATION DAYS FIND DICK COLE AND THE FARR MILITARY ACADEMY SWIMMING SQUAD BOARDING AN OLD TRAMP STEAMER, BOUND FOR SOUTH AMERICA AND ADVENTURE!



Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager
Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Director
Jean Gibson Brundage, Editorial Assistant; Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant

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BON VOYAGE, DICK. I'M COUNTING ON YOU TO KEEP THE BOYS OUT OF MISCHIEF ON THIS TRIP.

THANK YOU, SIR, I'LL DO MY BEST.

OUTTA THE WAY, SARGE. WE'RE SHOVIN' OFF!

DON'T SHOVE ME, YOU... JACKANAPES!

FAREWELL, MEN! THERE SHE GOES!

HMPH... I WISH THE BOYS COULD HAVE BOOKED PASSAGE ON ANOTHER BOAT. THAT CREW LOOKED LIKE A GANG OF CUTTHROATS.

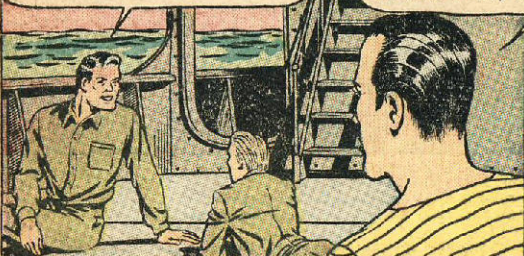
SOUTH AMERICA, HERE WE COME!

FOR FIVE DAYS THE NANCY S. STEAMS SOUTHWARD THROUGH CALM WATERS. THE CADETS, UNAWARE OF IMPENDING DANGER, RELAX AND ENJOY THEMSELVES—

THIS IS THE LIFE, EH, SLIP'RY? NOTHING TO DO BUT LIE IN THE SUN.

AH, THERE IS ONE THING YOU SHOULD DO, SEÑORS.

PICK A CAPTAIN FOR YOUR SQUAD, IT IS IMPORTANT THAT YOU PICK YOUR BEST MAN.



YOUR CAPTAIN MUST REPRESENT YOU AT MANY FUNCTIONS. HE WILL RECEIVE MANY HONORS.

SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD JOB. I NOMINATE DICK COLE!

TAKE A GANDER AT THE GREAT DICK COLE! WE'RE OUT FOR SOME SPORT... AND WHAT DOES HE DO? PAH! STICKS HIS NOSE IN BOOKS, HOUR AFTER HOUR.

DICK COLE, MY FOOT!

SAY, COLE, WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PROVE WITH THIS SCHOLAR ACT?

IT'S NO ACT, BARK.

NO MATTER WHAT LEAGUE I'M PLAYING IN, I ALWAYS LIKE TO KNOW THE RULES AND THE SCORE!

SEEING SOUTH AMERICA

BUNK! WE STUDY ENOUGH AT FARR! WHAT WE WANT NOW IS FUN! RIGHT, GUYS? HOW ABOUT SOME SHUFFLEBOARD?

GOOD IDEA, BARK!

MAYBE DICK IS TAKING HIMSELF TOO SERIOUSLY.

HE SURE IS, SLIP'RY, .. FOR MY TASTE! I GOT A HUNCH THAT OUR SQUAD CAPTAIN WILL BE BARK HALL!

NANCY!

LATER, ELI RUFUS, CAPTAIN OF THE NANCY S., CHATS WITH DICK.

YE SEEM TO BE A LEVEL-HEADED LAD. MAYBE YE CAN HELP ME IF THERE'S ANY TROUBLE?

WHY, WHAT'S WRONG, CAPTAIN RUFUS?



DID YE EVER SEE SUCH A GANG OF PIRATES? BAD EGGS, EVERY ONE OF 'EM. I'LL BET BLEAK'S UP TO NO GOOD!

THE CAPTAIN'S HUNCH IS CORRECT!

WE'RE NEARING SOUTH AMERICA. YOU ALL KNOW WHY I HIRED YOU. IT'S TIME TO GO TO WORK. TODAY WE TAKE OVER THE NANCY S.!



THE ONLY PASSENGERS ARE THOSE CADETS. IF THEY TRY TO HELP RUFUS, SLAP 'EM DOWN! WE STRIKE AT CHOW-TIME!

I'LL ENJOY GIVIN' THEM PUNKS A BELLYFULL!



IT'S BLEAK, OUT THERE, -MY FIRST MATE. I WAS AWAY ON BUSINESS UNTIL THE DAY BEFORE SAILING - I ENTRUSTED HIM TO HIRE A CREW!



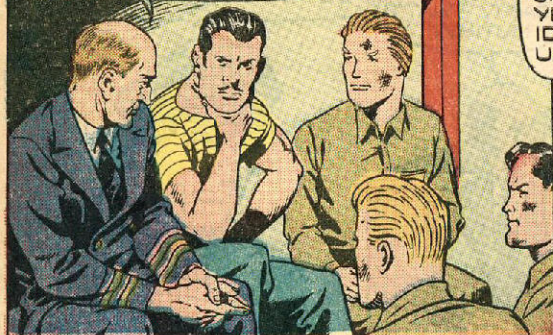
CHOW-TIME

LET'S SETTLE THE CAPTAIN BUSINESS TONIGHT, GANG!

HAW! THAT'S JUST WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO, NOW!



BLEAK HAS LOCKED US ALL UP IN THIS ROOM AND DOESN'T INTEND TO LET US OUT...EVER!



EVER HEAR OF TUBEC? ONCE IT WAS A THRIVING PORT FOR AN OIL FIELD, BUT THE WELLS DRIED UP, EVERYBODY LEFT, AND FOR YEARS IT'S BEEN DESERTED. AN IDEAL SPOT FOR BLEAK TO UNLOAD MY CARGO OF AUTOS!

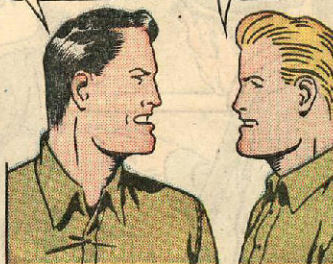
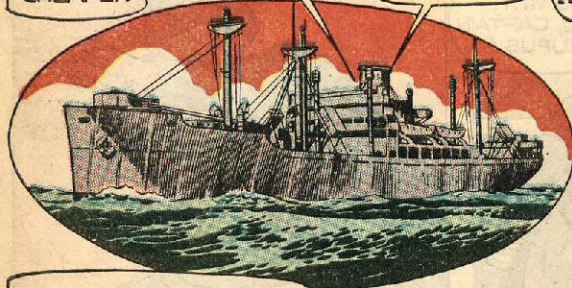


CARS ARE SCARCE DOWN HERE. BLEAK'LL SELL THEM FOR A FORTUNE! HE'S MONEY-MAD, BUT HE REGARDS HUMAN LIVES CHEAPLY.

THEN WE'VE GOT TO CRACK OUT OF HERE... AND QUICK!

NOT A CHANCE, DICK! WE'VE EXAMINED EVERY INCH OF THIS ROOM. IT'S LIKE A PRISON... NOT A WEAKNESS!

WELL, WE KNOW BLEAK HAS A WEAKNESS... HIS GREED!

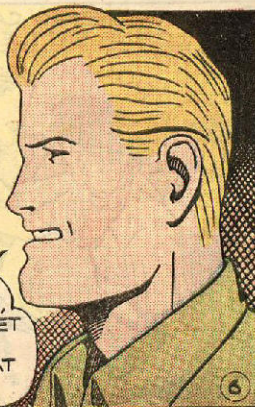


WE'VE GOT TO PLAY ON THAT WEAKNESS, AND I THINK I KNOW HOW. JUAN, DID YOU EVER HEAR OF THE SACRED WELLS?

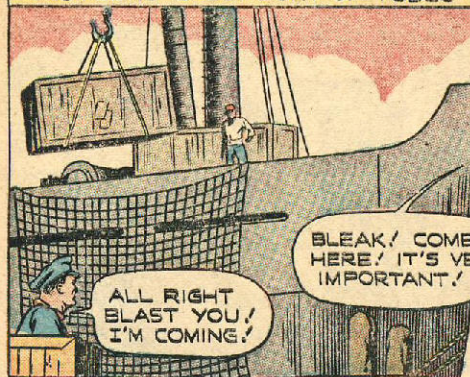
CERTAINLY. HERE IN MY COUNTRY THERE ARE SEVERAL. WHY?



I'LL TELL YOU. LISTEN, WHEN WE GET TO TUBEC, HERE'S WHAT WE DO...



SOON, THE NANCY S. TIES UP AT THE CRUMBLING GHOST PORT OF TUBEC-



ALL RIGHT BLAST YOU! I'M COMING!

BLEAK! COME HERE! IT'S VERY IMPORTANT!

BLEAK STALKS ABOARD.

OKAY, WHAT'S UP? DON'T ASK FOR MERCY. I CAN BE HANGED FOR THIS LITTLE SHOW AND I DON'T INTEND TO LET YOU WITNESSES GO FREE!

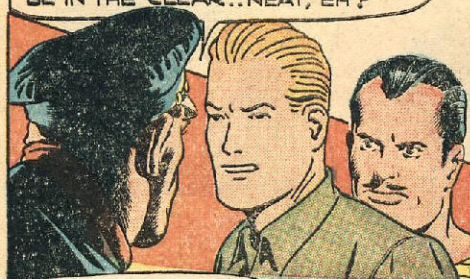


AFTER THE CARGO'S UNLOADED, I'LL HEAD THE SHIP OUT TO DEEP WATER AND OPEN UP THE SEACOCKS. YOU'LL ALL GO DOWN WITH HER! NOBODY WILL EVER BE ABLE TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED. I'LL BE IN THE CLEAR...NEAT, EH?

IF YOU FREE US, JUAN CHUSCO WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO BE A MILLIONAIRE!

BUNK!

IT IS NO BUNK, SENOR! I KNOW WHERE THERE IS A SACRED WELL!

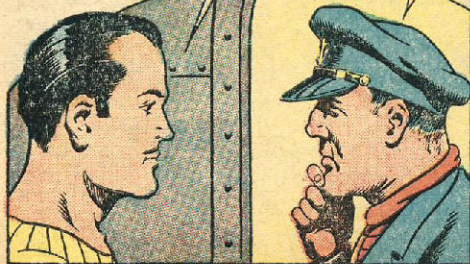


THE SACRED WELLS ARE SUNKEN POOLS WHICH NATIVES USED TO WORSHIP. AS OFFERINGS, THEY THREW IN GOLD JEWELRY!

HMM. I'VE HEARD OF THEM POOLS, BUT MOST OF 'EM ARE EMPTY!

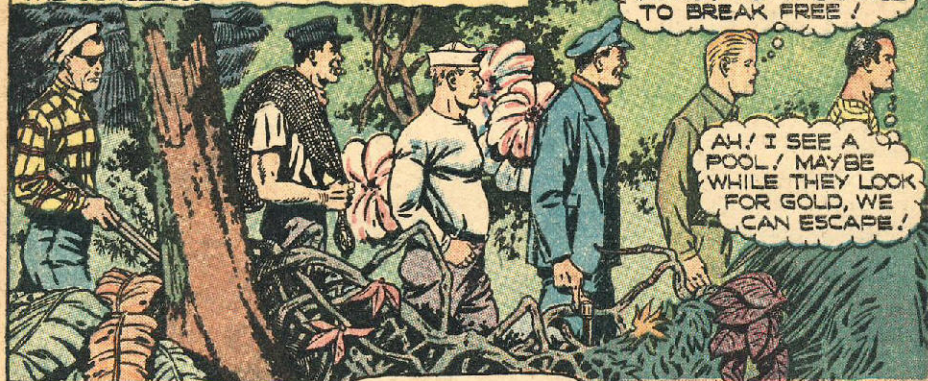
BUT BLEAK, THIS ONE HAS NEVER BEEN TOUCHED! IT IS NEAR BY. I WILL LEAD YOU THERE...IF YOU'LL LET US GO FREE!

SOLID GOLD! I COULD BE A MILLIONAIRE! OKAY. YOU AND YOUR PAL LEAD ME TO IT. THE REST OF YOU STAY HERE. WHEN I GET THE GOLD, YOU GO FREE...BUT IF YOU'RE LYING...!!



DICK AND JUAN LEAD THE MUTINEERS INTO THE JUNGLE...

THEY WATCH US LIKE HAWKS / NOT A CHANCE TO BREAK FREE!



THERE IS THE SACRED WELL!

GIVE IT A GOING OVER, MEN.

IF THIS IS A PHONY, I'LL PUT A BULLET THROUGH YOU TWO!

THE SAILORS SCRAPE THE BOTTOM OF THE POOL AND HAUL IN...



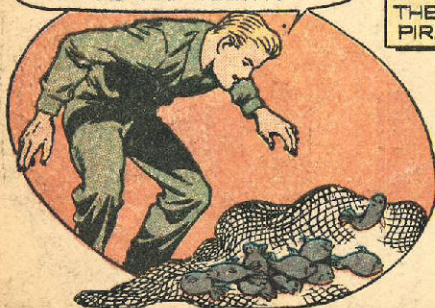
FISH / NOTHING BUT FISH / AND THEY AREN'T EVEN GOLDFISH!

HMM / I JUST WAS READING ABOUT THESE FISH... PIRANHA! SMALL, BUT VICIOUS AND BLOODTHIRSTY, WITH SHARP TEETH!

SUDDENLY, DICK YANKS THE NET UP, SHOWERING THE SAILORS WITH THE VICIOUS PIRANHA!

YEOW / THEY'RE BITING ME!

OW!



HELP! THEY'RE
EATING ME
ALIVE!

YEOW! TAKE
'EM OFF!
OUCH!



MADE IT! THEY CAN'T FIND US
IN HERE, BUT WE'VE GOT TO
GET BACK TO PORT AND TRY
TO SAVE THE OTHERS!

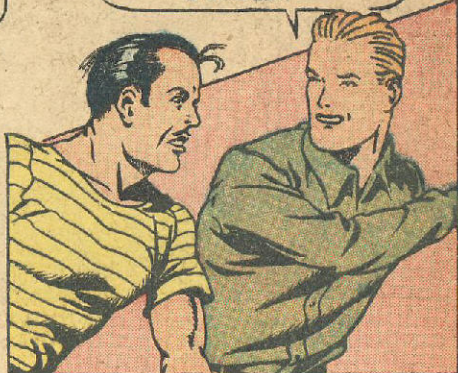


BACK IN TUBEC, THE AUTOS HAVE
BEEN UNLOADED AND A FEW ASSEMBLED.

GOOD WORK. WE'LL KEEP THE CARS
IN THAT WAREHOUSE, DRIVE 'EM TO THE
BIG CITIES ONLY A COUPLE OF HOURS
AWAY AND PEDDLE 'EM ONE BY ONE.



QUICK, JUAN! INTO THE
JUNGLE!



BACK TO TUBEC, QUICK! IF YOU
SEE THOSE TWO RATS, SHOOT
TO KILL!

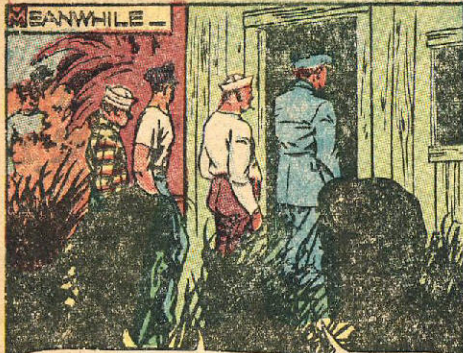


I'LL GO SINK THE SHIP.
GATHER THE CREW IN THAT SHACK.
WE'LL HAVE A CONFERENCE THERE
WHEN I RETURN.



AYE, AYE,
SIR.

MEANWHILE...



BLEAK WILL KILL YOUR FRIENDS. AND WE CAN'T STOP HIM UNLESS WE OVERCOME ALL THOSE SAILORS, WHICH IS IMPOSSIBLE!

RIGHT! WE CERTAINLY CAN'T OUTSLUG 12 MEN!

WELL, TROPICAL TERMITES OFTEN CAUSE WOODEN BUILDINGS TO COLLAPSE. THAT SHACK'S BEEN DESERTED FOR YEARS. TERMITES MUST HAVE BEEN WEAKENING IT. SO WHY NOT GIVE 'EM AN ASSIST?

LET'S TRY! IT MIGHT WORK!

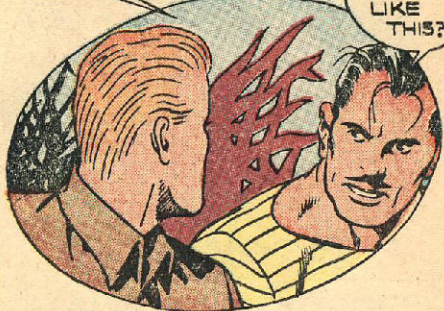


LET'S GO! A FEW GOOD HEAVES SHOULD TOPPLE IT!



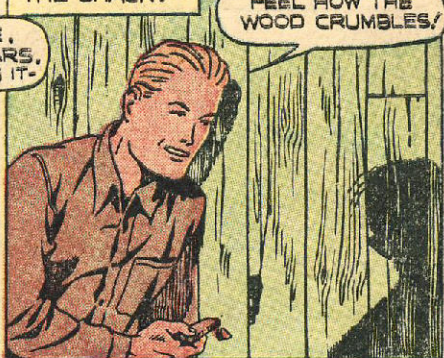
BUT I RECALL AN INTERESTING ARTICLE ON TROPICAL TERMITES ... I WONDER.

DICK! HOW CAN YOU THINK OF INSECTS AT A TIME LIKE THIS?



DICK AND JUAN CREEP UP TO THE SHACK.

FEEL HOW THE WOOD CRUMBLES!

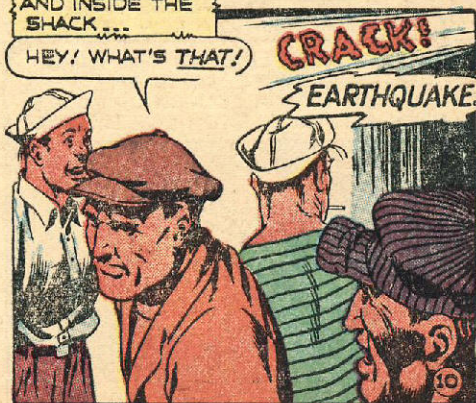


AND INSIDE THE SHACK...

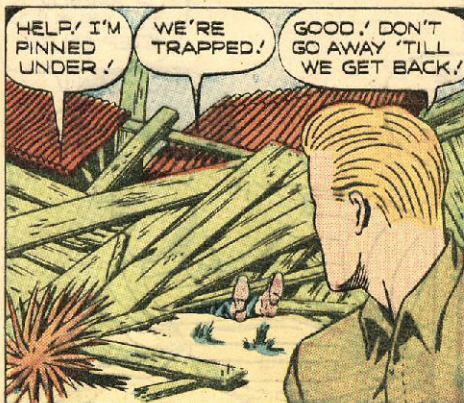
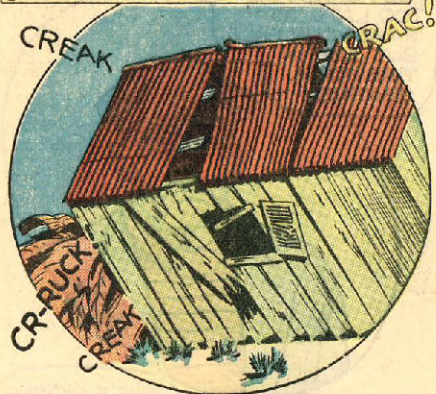
HEY! WHAT'S THAT!

CRACK!

EARTHQUAKE!



THE WEAKENED TIMBERS COLLAPSE !/

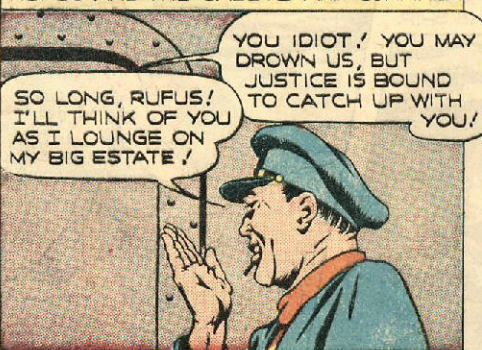


MEANWHILE, IN THE HOLD OF THE NANCY S.

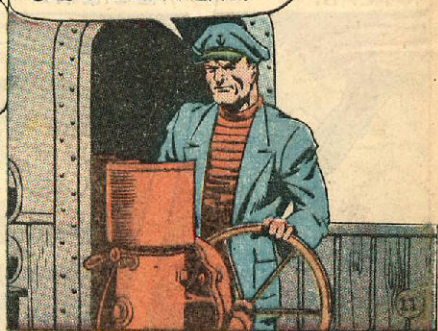
THE WATER'S COMIN' IN FAST. SHE OUGHTA SINK IN HALF AN HOUR. I BETTER GET TOPSIDE!



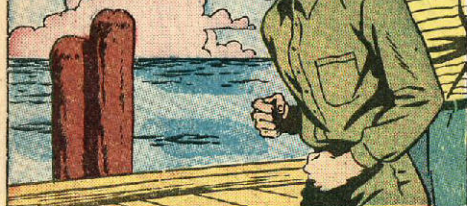
BLEAK PASSES THE CABIN WHERE CAPT. RUFUS AND THE CADETS ARE CONFINED.



NOW TO SET THE WHEEL AND HEAD HER TO SEA, FULL SPEED AHEAD!



THE NANCY S. HEADS OUT TO SEA AND BLEAK JUMPS FROM THE STERN ONTO THE DOCK, JUST AS DICK AND JUAN ARRIVE ON THE SCENE.



THERE SHE GOES! WE'VE GOT TO STOP HER, JUAN!

YOU PUNKS ARE TOO LATE TO SAVE YOUR PALS, BUT JUST IN TIME FOR A BEATING!



SHE'S PICKING UP SPEED! I'LL HAVE TO STEP ON IT!

BLEAK CHARGES AND DICK DUCKS A VICIOUS LEFT.



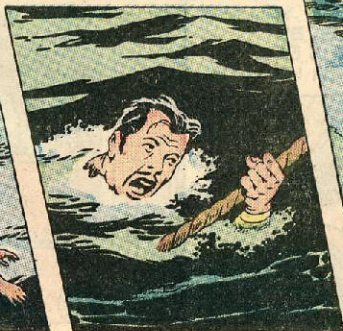
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS BARNACLE, JUAN! YOU TRY TO STOP THE SHIP!



JUAN DIVES AFTER THE RECEDING NANCY S.



A DOZEN SWIFT STROKES, AND JUAN GRASPS A ROPE TRAILING FROM THE STERN OF THE SHIP.

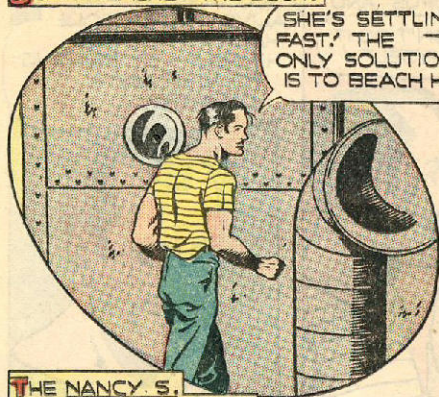


HE HAULS HIMSELF UP, HAND OVER HAND —



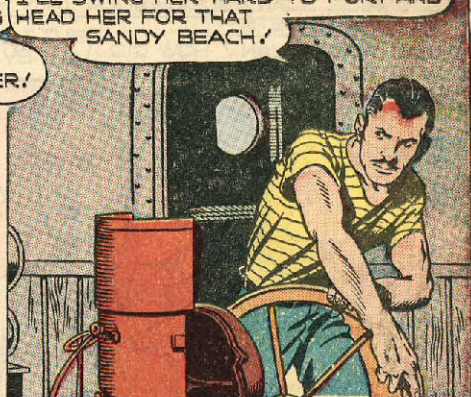
QUESTION No. 6 What word in picture 5 is part of the title of a novel by Charles Dickens?

JUAN REACHES THE DECK.

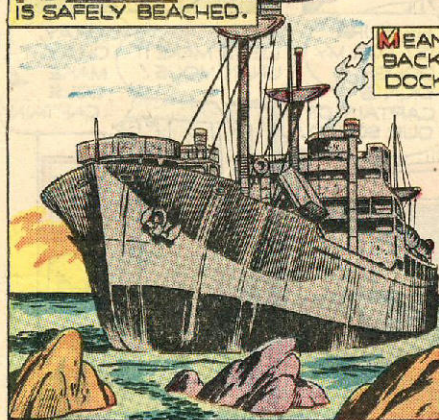


SHE'S SETTling FAST! THE ONLY SOLUTION IS TO BEACH HER!

I'LL SWING HER HARD TO PORT AND HEAD HER FOR THAT SANDY BEACH!

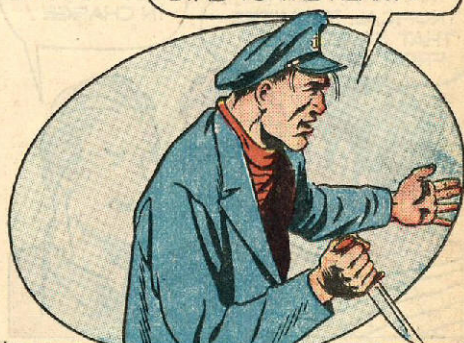


THE NANCY S. IS SAFELY BEACHED.



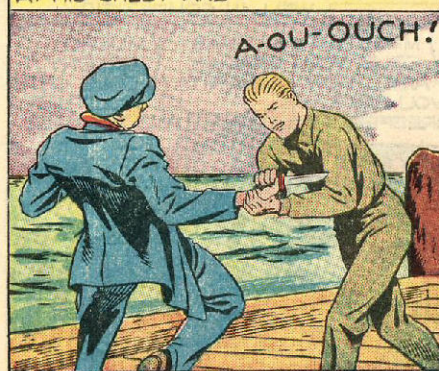
MEANWHILE, BACK ON THE DOCK.

TOUGH YOUNG MAN WITH YER MITTS, AIN'T YA? BUT YA CAN'T STOP A STAB TO THE HEART!

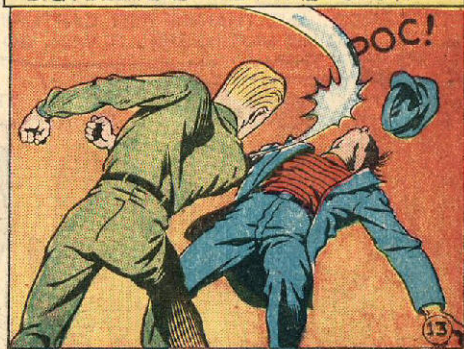


DICK SIDE-STEPS A VICIOUS JAB AT HIS CHEST AND—

A-OU-OUCH!



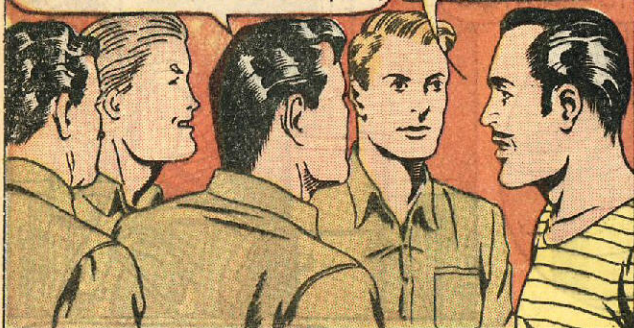
THE KNIFE DROPS TO THE DOCK AS DICK DELIVERS THE FINAL PUNCH.



MEANWHILE, JUAN RELEASES CAPTAIN RUFUS AND THE FARR CADETS -

GREAT WORK, JUAN! HOW DID YOU DO IT ALL BY YOURSELF, EH?

BUT I DIDN'T DO IT ALL BY MYSELF!



YOU WOULDN'T BE ALIVE IF DICK COLE HADN'T PREPARED HIMSELF - BY READING - TO VISIT MY COUNTRY.



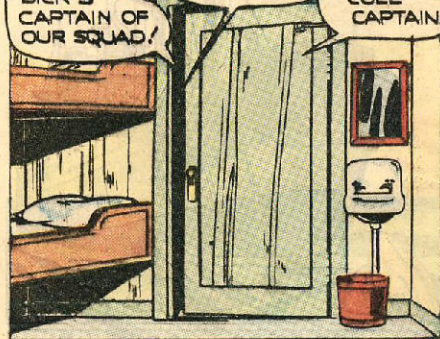
IT WAS HIS KNOWLEDGE OF THE SACRED POOLS, THE VICIOUS LITTLE PIRANHA, AND THE TROPICAL TERMITES THAT SAVED YOU FROM DEATH!

GOSH! I'D SAY DICK'S THE KIND OF GUY TO HAVE IN CHARGE!

HE SURE IS! FOR MY DOUGH, DICK'S CAPTAIN OF OUR SQUAD!

LET'S MAKE IT UNANIMOUS!

OKAY, OKAY... MAKE COLE CAPTAIN!



LATER, IN A NEAR-BY CITY.

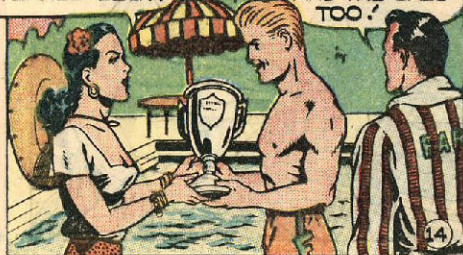
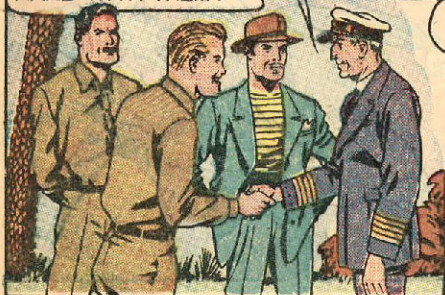
A MILLION THANKS FOR SAVING MY SHIP AND ITS CARGO. AND THANKS FOR CAPTURING BLEAK AND HIS MUTINEERS. IT WILL GO HARD WITH THEM!

THE FARR SWIMMING SQUAD DOES WELL IN COMPETITION.

MEESTER COLE, YOU ARE... HOW YOU SAY?... TERREEFEECK?

MUCHAS GRACIAS, SEÑORITA!

MUCHO BOLONY! COLE GETS ALL THIS AND THE GALS TOO!



WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IS THE LARGEST ROOM IN THE WORLD?

OH, THE ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT!

(SNIFF-SNIFF) SMELLS LIKE ROTTEN EGGS!

Joe Always Wins—

WITH HIS

Bendix COASTER BRAKE



COASTS LONGER
PEDALS EASIER
STOPS QUICKER



When you get your new bike, be sure it has a Bendix® Coaster Brake. Here is a coaster brake that is brand new in design and has all kinds of features. It will make bicycle riding more fun than ever before. Be a winner—keep out in front with the new Bendix Coaster Brake.

TRADEMARK

SCOTT'S BAKING
POWDER CO.
BURLINGTON, N.J.

SCOTT'S BAKING
POWDER CO.
BURLINGTON, N.J.

GEE, HERMIE—I CAN'T SEE HOW FOOTBALL PLAYERS EVER GET CLEAN AFTER THEY PLAY A GAME !!!

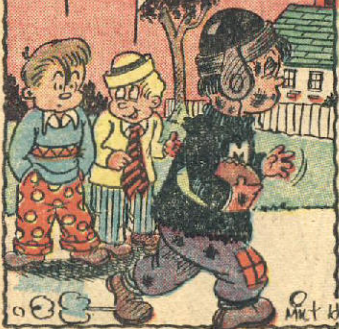
EASY! WHAT DO YOU THINK SCRUB TEAMS ARE FOR??

MY POP ISN'T BALD—HIS FACE JUST RUNS OVER THE TOP OF HIS HEAD!



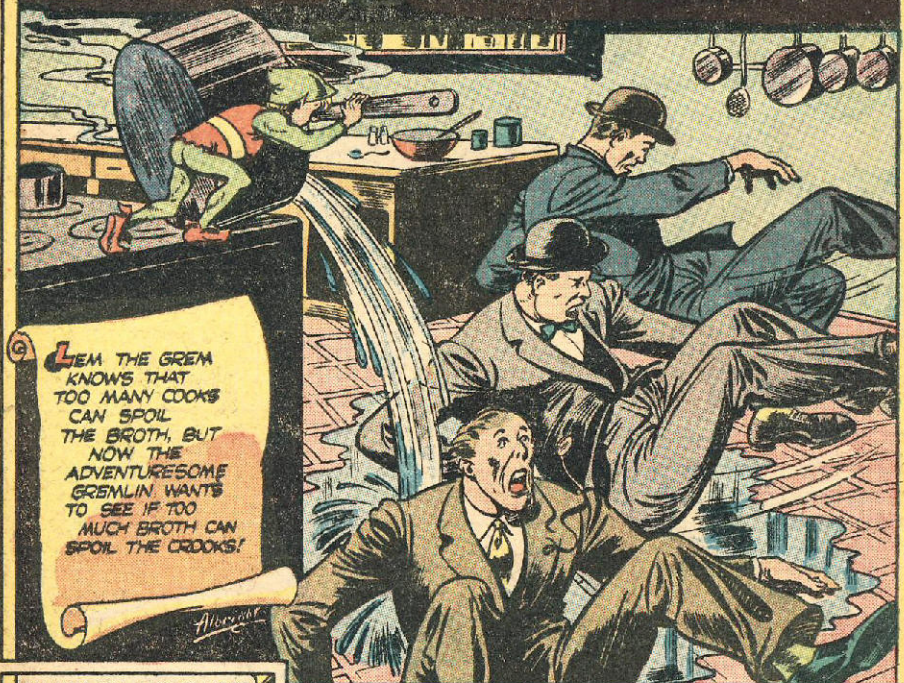
WHY DO YOU SAY THAT COLUMBUS MUST HAVE LIKED IT VERY MUCH HERE?

'CAUSE COLUMBUS IS STILL IN OHIO !!!

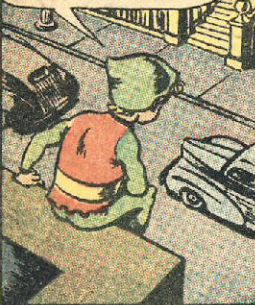


MILT HAMMER

LEM THE GREM



AH ME! I'M IN THE MOOD FOR A GOOD FEED AND SOME FUN, BUT WHERE CAN I GET 'EM BOTH?



GOOD LUCK, HENRI! COOK ZEE BEST MEAL OF YOUR LIFE!



OUI! I BRING HOME ZEE BAKIN' JOB!

WIN THE COOKING CONTEST, PAPA!

I, HENRI GOURMET, AM ZEE FRENCH COOKING MASTER! ZEE GILTHMORE HOTEL NEEDS ME AS CHEF!

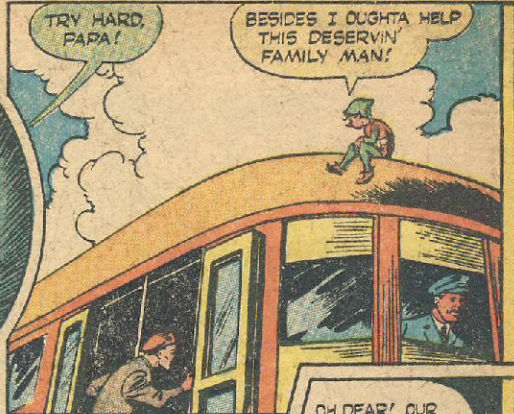
O, HENRI! I HOPE ZEY PICK YOU! WE NEED ZEE MONEY!



A COOKIN' CONTEST TO WIN THE
JOB OF BEIN' THE GILTMORE'S
CHEF! THEY'LL BE DIGHIN' OUT
SOME REAL TASTY VITAMINS!

TRY HARD,
PAPA!

BESIDES I OUGHTA HELP
THIS DESERVIN'
FAMILY MAN!



AT THE PALATIAL GILTMORE
HOTEL, HECTOR PRIMMWAIST IS
ALL AFLUTTER!

YOU, MR. GOURMET, WILL
PREPARE SALADS AND
SOUPS! AND YOUR OPPONENT,
MR. BLOAT, IS ON VEGETABLES
AND MEATS! ISN'T THAT
EXCITING?

I DO HOPE
YOU'RE THE
MASTER
YOUR
RECORDS
INDICATE.
MR. BLOAT!

ME AND MY
ASSISTANTS WILL
SEND DEM OUTTA
DIS WOLD,
PRIMMWAIST!

OH DEAR! OUR
FAVORITE PATRONS
ARE ALREADY
GATHERING IN THE
MAUVE-MAUVE ROOM!
THEY'RE TO BE
THE JUDGES! DO HURRY!



WE'LL MEET TO
CELEBRATE AT MIKE'S
CHOPHOUSE, BOYS!

HMMM! BLOAT DOESN'T
LOOK LIKE A CULINARY
ARTIST TO ME!

DESE SPECIAL--
UH--FLAVORING
TABLETS ARE
SURE TO WIN US
FAME AND
FORTUNE!

FLAVORING TABLETS!
GAD! THAT'S TAKIN'
AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE
OF POOR HENRI!



WHILE THIS HEFTY HASHBURNER'S NOT LOOKIN' I'LL BORROW A FEW OF THESE FLAVORIN' TABLETS!

AH! ZEE SOUP-- SHE EES NOW PERFECT!

HA! I'LL MAKE IT BETTER THAN PERFECT!

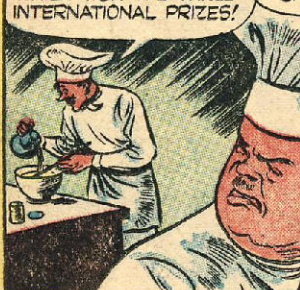


AND NOW FOR ZEE SALAD DRESSING WHICH WON ME THREE INTERNATIONAL PRIZES!

YA AIN'T GOT A CHANCE, CHUMP!

ZEE GREAT GOURMET NEED NOT ARGUE! MY FOOD SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF!

AMM--VERY TASTY! BUT STILL!

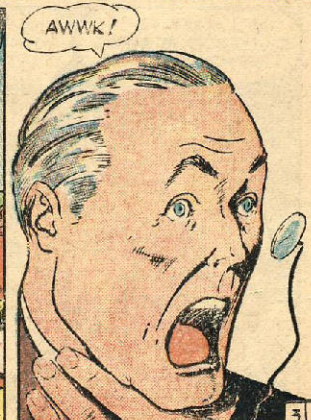


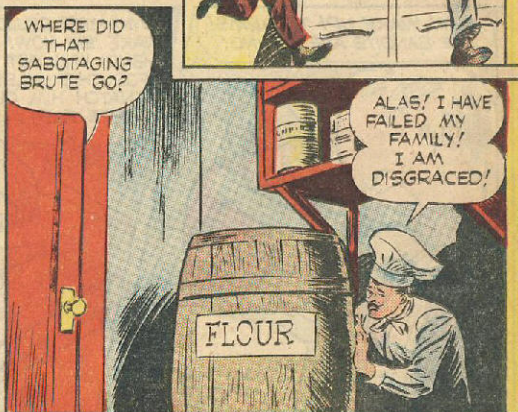
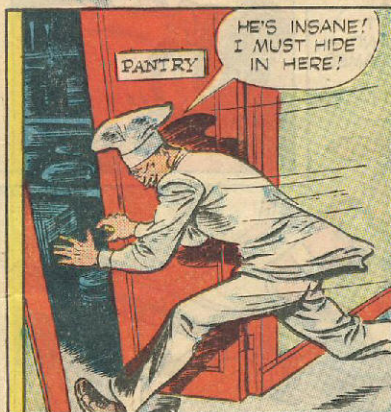
A LITTLE MORE ZIP, AS ADDED BY LEMUEL GREMLIN, ESQUIRE, AND THOSE STUFFED SHIRTS WILL BREAK OUT INTO CHEERS AS SOON AS THEY TASTE IT!

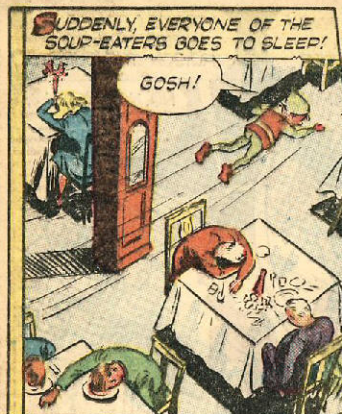
LET'S SEE IF THIS IS UP TO GILTMORE STANDARD!

HUH! ECSTASY AWAITS YOU, CHUM!

AWWK!







SUDDENLY, EVERYONE OF THE SOUP-EATERS GOES TO SLEEP!

GOSH!



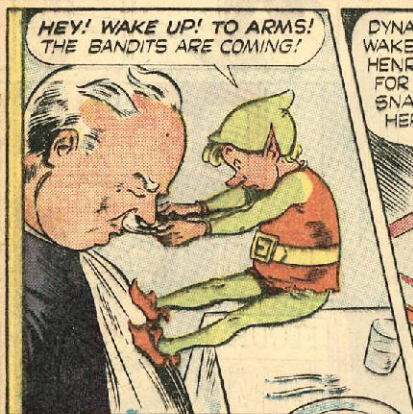
SOMEBODY MUSTA USED OUR KNOCKOUT DROPS AWEADY, BOSS!

GOOD! GET TO WORK!



YOU'RE A GENIUS, BLOAT! POSIN' AS A CHEF GAVE US THE IDEAL OPPORTUNITY TO DOPE THESE SAPS AND ROB THEM AT LEISURE!

YIPE!! AND I HELPED THEM!



HEY! WAKE UP! TO ARMS! THE BANDITS ARE COMING!



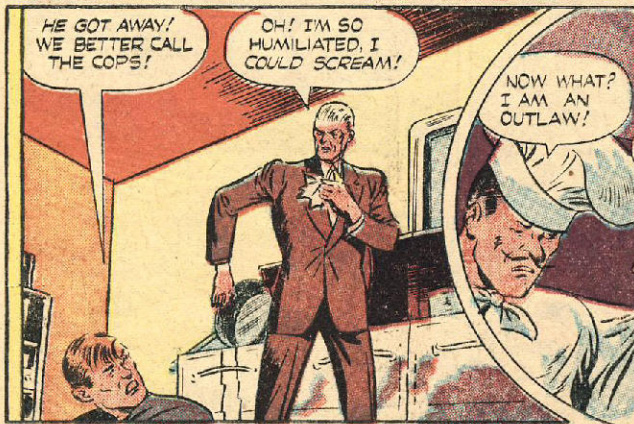
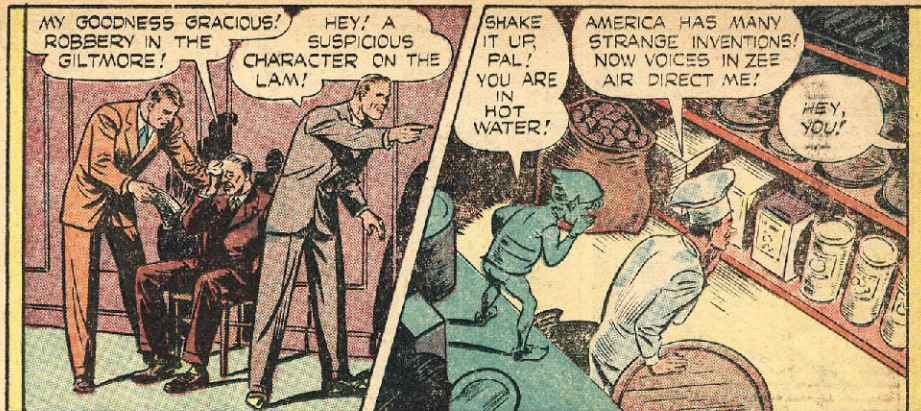
DYNAMITE COULDN'T WAKE 'EM NOW! AND HENRI WILL GET BLAMED FOR THIS UNLESS I SNATCH HIM OUTTA HERE FAST!



WHAT A HAUL! DA GILTMORE WILL NEVER RECOVER FROM DIS SHOCK!



GOOD GRIEF! QUICK! HOUSE DETECTIVES! I'M FAINTING!





OFF WITH THE LIGHTS!
I HOPE MY ACCENT
SOUNDS LIKE
HENRI'S!

TALKING LIKE HENRI, LEM FLIES
AMONG THE CROOKS, WHO SWING AT
THE VOICE AND STRIKE EACH OTHER!

YOU HAVE ZEE
FACE OF PIE.
MONSIEUR
BLOAT!

OH, YEAH?
TAKE DIS!

OUCH! YA
HIT ME!

THE CONFUSED THUGS SOON
KNOCK EACH OTHER OUT!

PUNCH HARDER, GARÇONS!
YOU MAKE ZEE PUFF
CREAM BLOWS!

OH!

OH!

TAKE
OVER,
HENRI!

SACRE BLEU!
HAVE I
DONE ZEEZ?
I AM
SAMSON!

QUEECK, POLICE! AT ZEE
CHOP MIKE'S HOUSE---
I HAVE ZEE CROOKS!

DOGGONE! I
AM STILL
HUNGRY!

SOON, HENRI TELLS HIS TALE TO THE
POLICE!

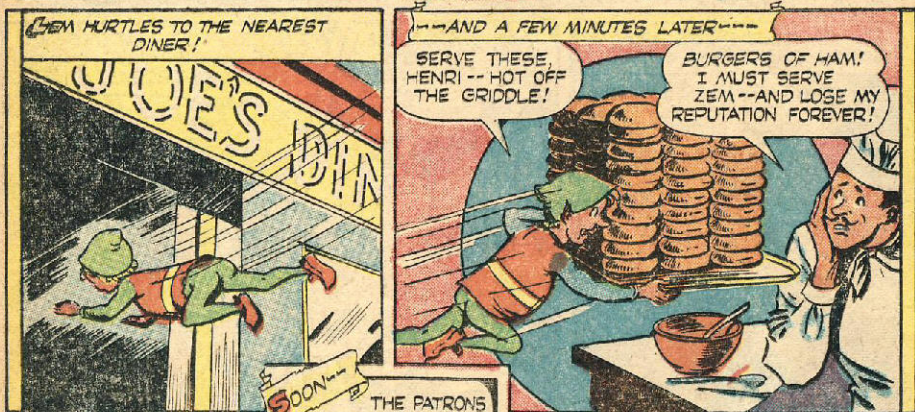
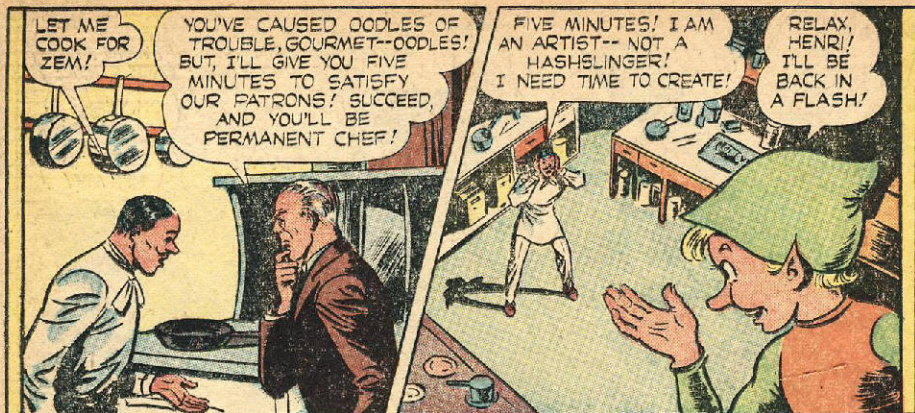
BLOAT'S A WELL-KNOWN
CROOK! HE MUST HAVE
STOLEN THOSE COOK'S
CREDENTIALS!

AH! NOW
EEF ONLY
MONSIEUR
PRIMWAIST
WILL TAKE ME BACK!

THE LOOT IS HASTILY
RETURNED TO THE
UNCONSCIOUS PATRONS OF THE GILTMORE HOTEL!

JUST IN TIME! THE
GUESTS ARE BEGINNING
TO WAKE UP!

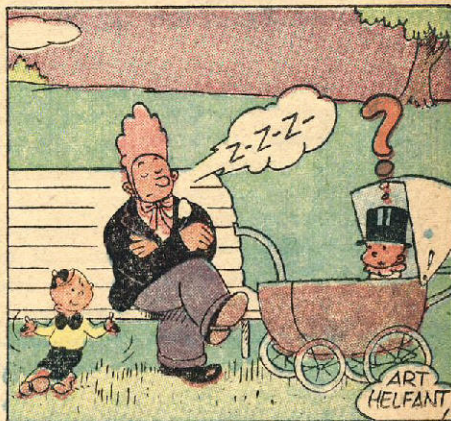
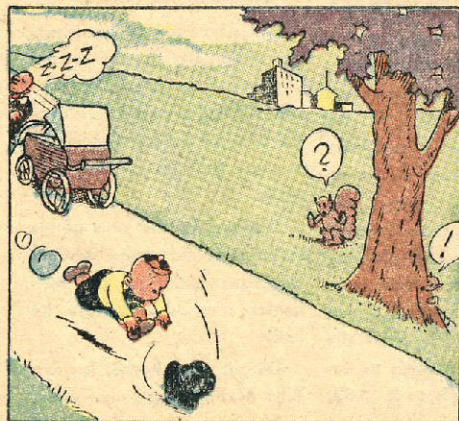
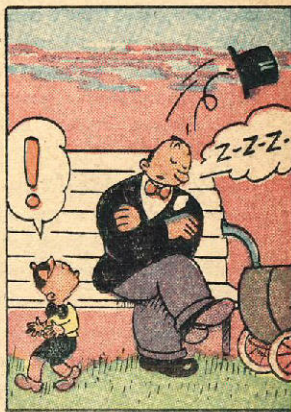
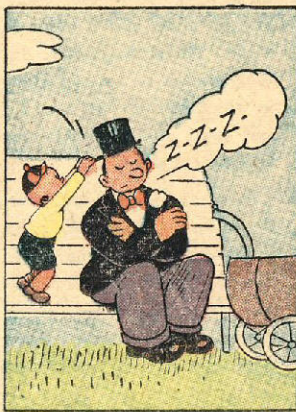
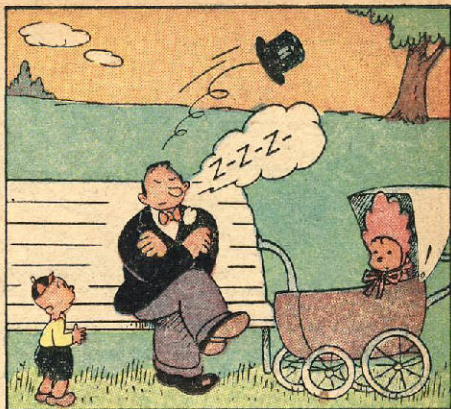
YES! AND
THEY'RE
BEGINNING TO
DEMAND
THEIR FOOD!

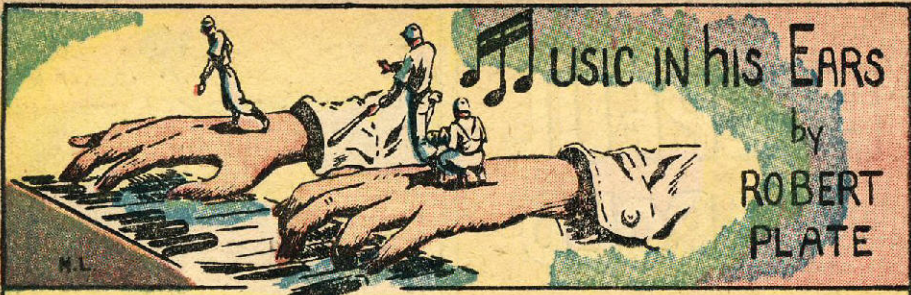


October 1 is the date to remember. Next 4MOST sale date.

HELPFUL HAROLD

"IT'S AN ILL WIND"...





MUSIC IN HIS EARS

by
**ROBERT
PLATE**

IT was a heck of an afternoon to be thumping at a piano.

Outside, the warm spring sun and the greening grass conspired with the distant crack of ash against horsehide and the shrill yells of the neighborhood sandlot team to make staying indoors seem absurd.

So, although Johnny Pader's fingers were tinkling nimbly over the white and black keys, his mind was on baseball, not Chopin.

Imagining himself at short-stop, he scooped up a hot grounder, whipped the ball over to first . . . he stepped up at home plate and took a cut at a fast ball . . .

Deliberately, Johnny pounded the keys in discord and stopped playing. Then, reluctantly, he started again, his eyes on the clock, watching the minutes tick off. At four-thirty he would be free—free to play his last game of baseball.

Even more than he wanted to play baseball, Johnny wanted to make his father happy. And his father, the famous piano virtuoso, Rudolf Pader,

took it for granted that Johnny would follow in his footsteps.

Those footsteps covered a lot of territory. A lonely, melancholy man, and a widower, Rudolf Pader disappeared for long periods on concert tours, in which his only ties with his son were long affectionate letters, sent daily.

Back at home, Johnny, training to be a great pianist, practiced every afternoon from three to six—except on certain rare occasions when music seemed as dull as mush. Then Johnny would slip out to join the gang, and play sports inexpertly but with great enthusiasm.

For the past month Johnny had been practicing evenings as well as afternoons, for his father was bringing the head of a famous music conservatory to hear his playing and pass on admittance to his select school. If admitted, Johnny would get intensive training as a musician, a prospect which left him cold. He liked the piano, but not enough to devote his entire life to it. Still, his father wanted it—so what else could he do?

Finally, it was four-thirty. Johnny jumped up, dashed out of the big house and ran toward the baseball field. Tonight was the audition, but Johnny knew he had practiced enough. What he needed most now was some relaxation.

The gang greeted him enthusiastically and put him at shortstop.

"Attaboy, maestro," Billy Malloy, the team pitcher, called out, as Johnny pegged the ball to first. "You got what it takes. Why don't you ditch that piano and play with us all the time?"

Johnny smiled politely.

He played for three innings. He was at bat for the second time, when he connected with the ball and sent it flying over the head of the left fielder. It was the best hit he had ever made.

Inspired by the yells of his teammates, he raced around the base paths as the outfielders scurried to retrieve the ball.

Digging for home, he saw Billy Malloy near home plate, making frantic motions and yelling: "Slide! Hit the dirt!"

Johnny hit the dirt head first, his extended hands plowing up the pebbly dirt around home plate. The ball was thumped on his back a moment too late. He was safe! He had made a home run!

Standing up, grinning, he looked at his tingling hands and the grin faded. He had skinned the finger tips of his right hand, and they were bleeding. A swelling on the index finger of his left hand began to throb painfully. In his desperate lunge he had stubbed the finger far back. It felt broken, but when he tried to move it, it responded, aching.

Billy Malloy clapped his back. "Hurt your hand, hey? Too bad. But what a hit! Come out more often."

"I'm afraid I can't, Johnny said. "But it was fun." He moved off slowly. "So long, guys."

At home, patient bathing in hot water brought down the swelling of the index finger, but it hurt every time he bent it. After his raw finger tips had stopped bleeding he concealed the wounds with colodion.

When his father bustled in after dinner with Max Proctor, head of the music conservatory, Johnny said nothing of his accident. He moved to the piano, trying to ignore the pain in his hands.

Mr. Proctor settled himself in an easy chair. Beside him

stood Rudolf Pader, who nodded proudly at Johnny and gave him the signal to begin. Johnny unclenched his fists and swiftly put them to the piano.

Liszt, Ravel, and Debussy usually came easy to him, but now every time he used his index finger a hot fire shot through his hand, up his arm to the shoulder.

He played grimly, carefully, conscious not only of the tingling, tortured nerves in the tips of his fingers, but of the anxious eyes of his father. His forehead dampened with sweat. He must not fail.

The doorbell rang before he had played a half hour. The maid admitted Billy Malloy.

Billy looked at the piano in surprise. "Sorry to butt in," he said to Mr. Pader. "I just wanted to see about Johnny's hands."

"Hands?" Puzzled, Mr. Pader looked at Johnny, then back at Billy.

"Gee! Didn't he tell you? He skinned 'em awful. Almost knocked a finger out of joint. But what a swell homer! What a slide!"

"Homer? Slide?" Mystified, Rudolf Pader approached his son. Johnny's heart dropped.

"So, you've been slipping out to play baseball? Don't you want to be a pianist like your father?" Pader looked at his son's downcast head. "Tell the truth."

"I do want to be like you, dad," Johnny said, adding miserably, "but I don't care much about being a pianist. I'm sorry . . . I've tried . . . I'll keep on trying."

The musician took Johnny's bruised hands in his own. His voice was gentle.

"I don't know you as well as I should—too much traveling. It was foolish of me to assume you wanted to be a musician."

Johnny said unhappily, "I hated to let you down. Looks like I have."

Looking up, he was surprised to see his father smiling at him.

"Look at your hands," Mr. Pader said. "Every note you struck must have been painful. Yet you played for my sake. Hah! You call that letting me down? What better compliment could any father get?"

Pader turned to Mr. Proctor. "Sorry to waste your time—but you see how it is."

He sat beside Johnny and said: "Tonight we'll go shopping for baseball bats."

Rudolf Pader, the great musician, began to play. He played "Take Me Out To The Ball Game."

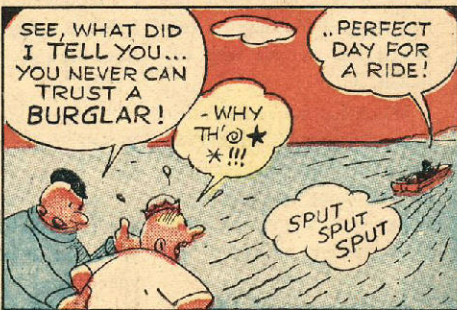
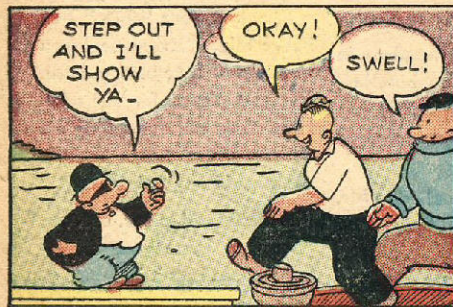
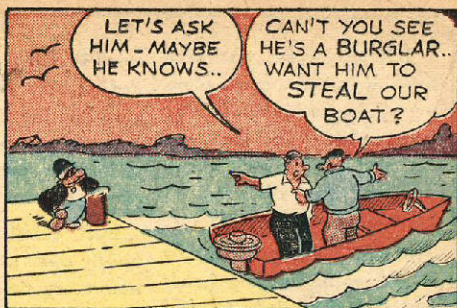
Johnny looked at Billy Malloy and grinned.

It was the sweetest music he had ever heard.

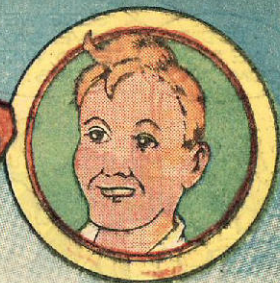
THE END

BOITRAM THE BOIGLAR

BY ART HELFANT



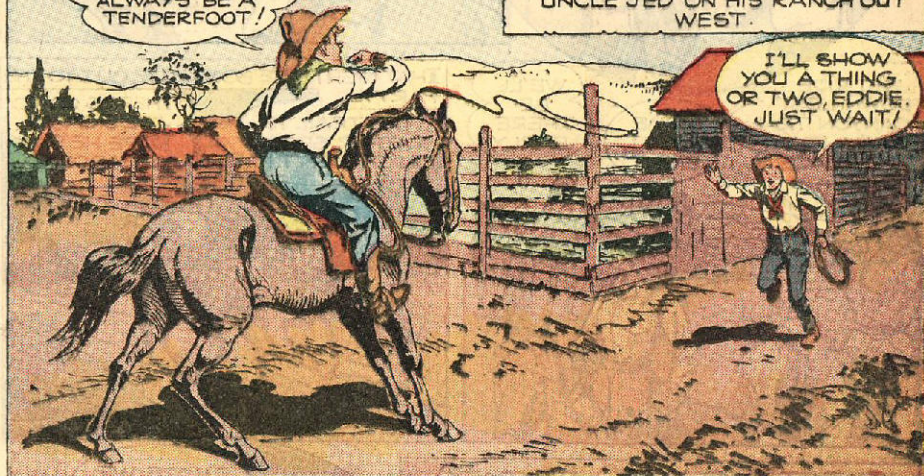
Edison Bell



GET GOING, JERRY-OR YOU'LL ALWAYS BE A TENDERFOOT!

EDISON BELL AND HIS FRIEND, JERRY, ARE GUESTS OF EDDIE'S UNCLE JED ON HIS RANCH OUT WEST.

I'LL SHOW YOU A THING OR TWO, EDDIE. JUST WAIT!



MISSED AGAIN! I'LL NEVER LEARN, EDDIE.

CAREFUL OR YOU'LL ROPE THAT MAN.

BETTER NOT TRY IT, BOYS.

DON'T TRY YOUR TRICKS ON ME!

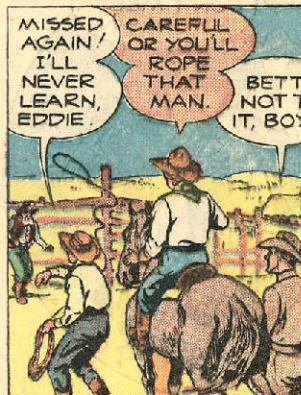
I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT YOU

THAT'S CRAZY JOE.

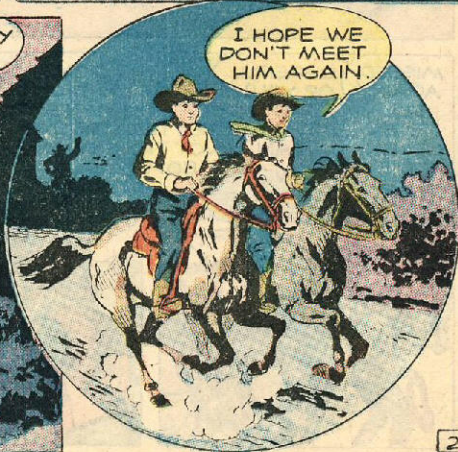
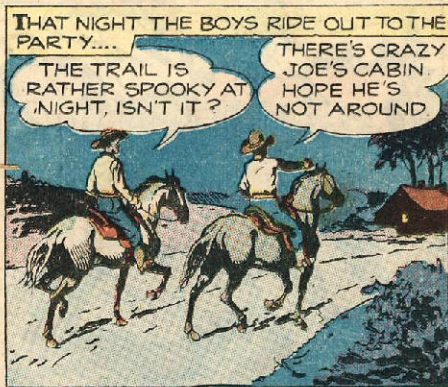
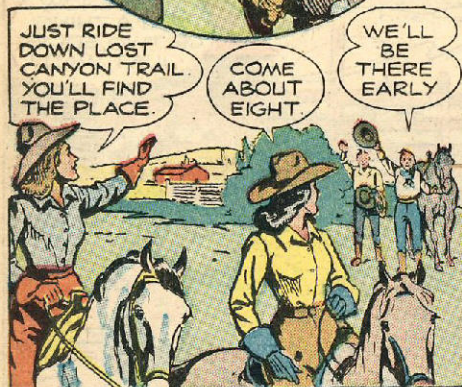
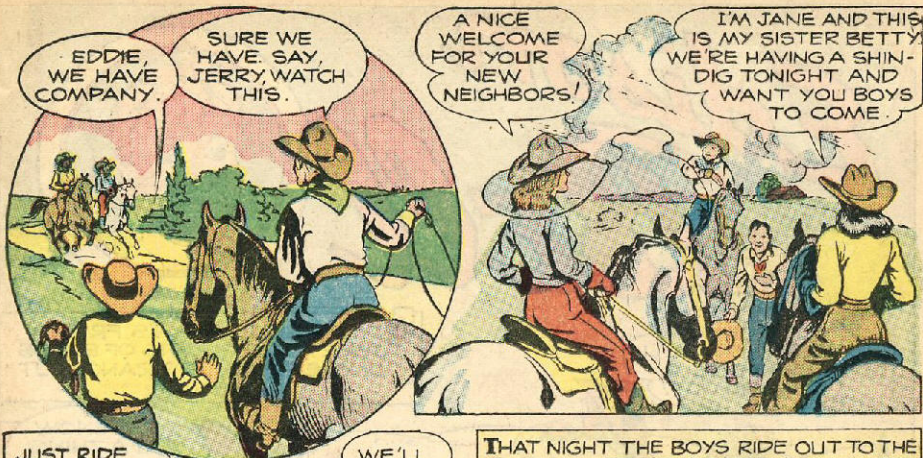
SORRY-SAY, HOLD ON THERE!

CRAZY JOE NEVER MAKES FRIENDS WITH ANYONE.

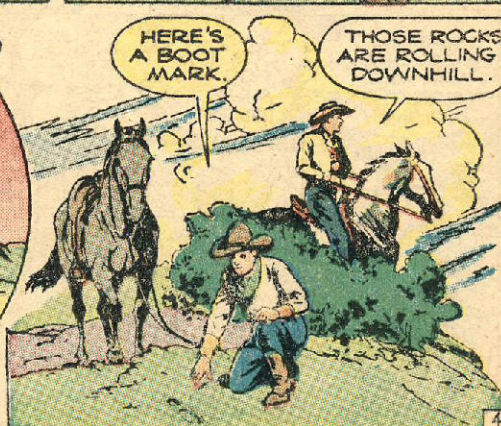
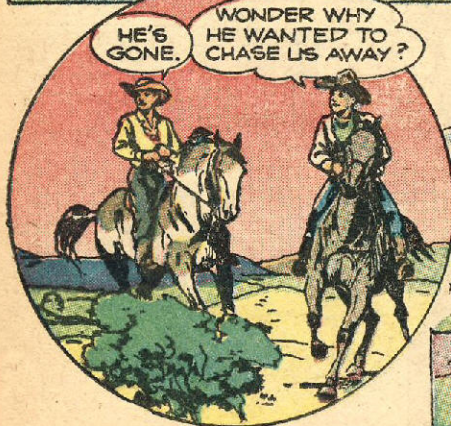
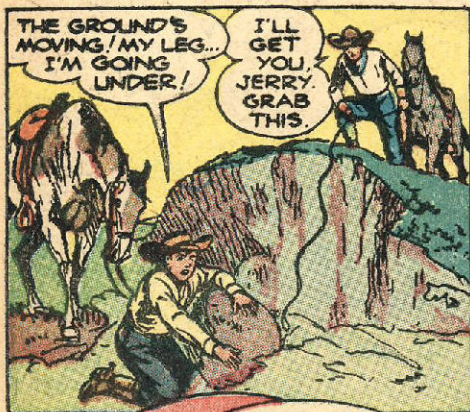
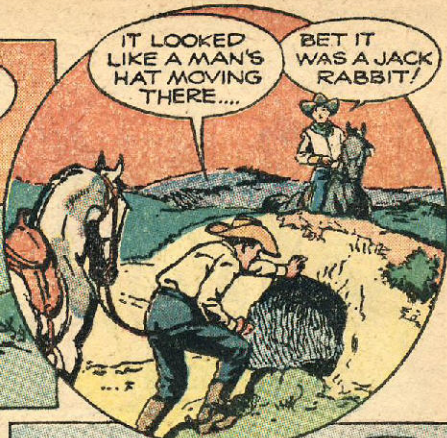
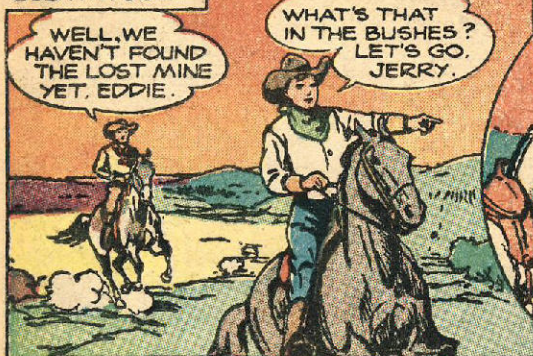
YOU WON'T GET ME!

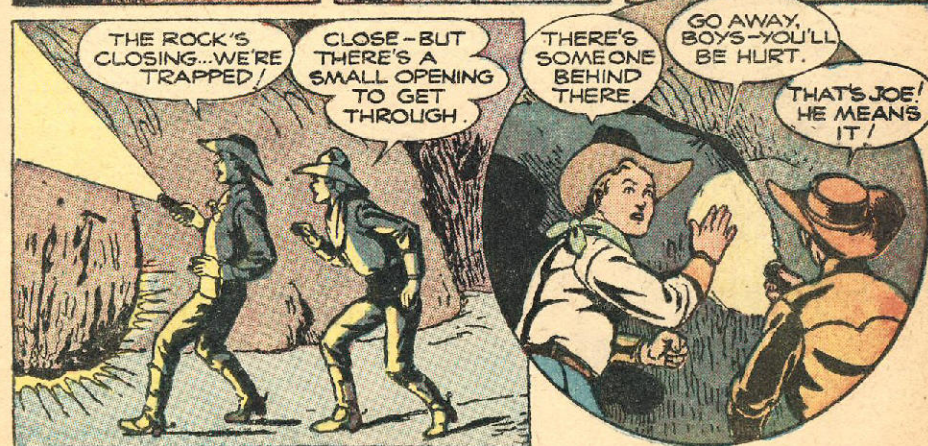
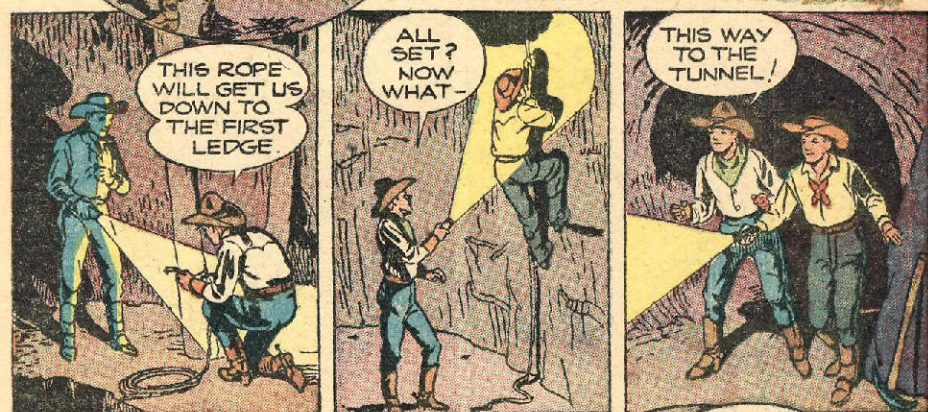
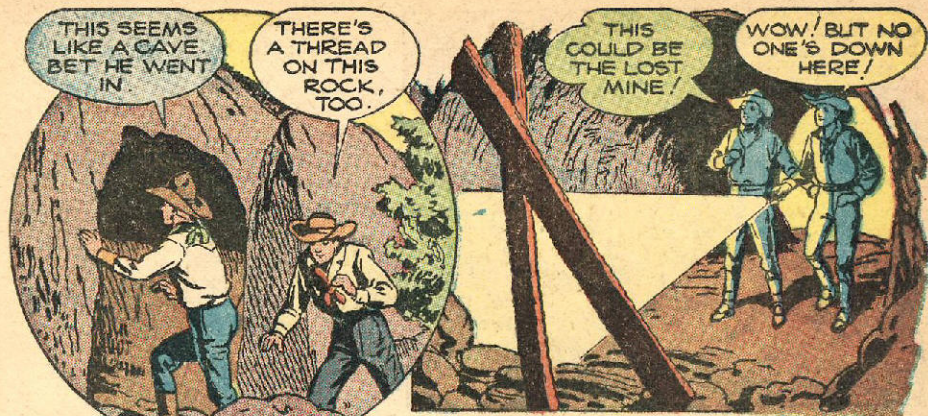


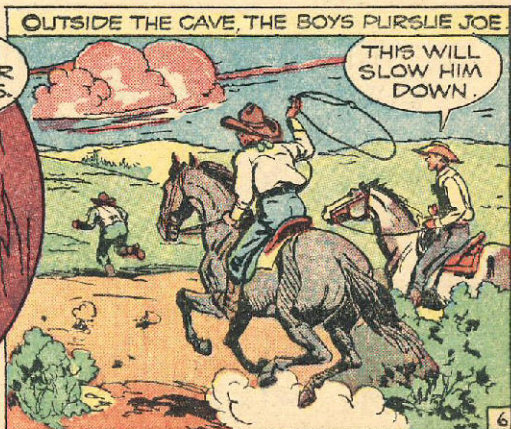
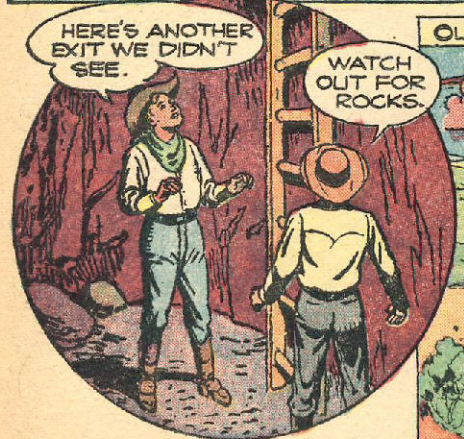
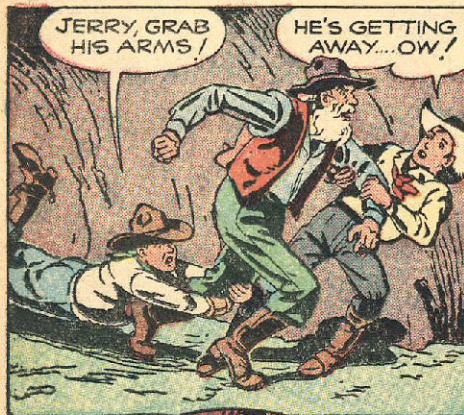
The next issue of 4MOST goes on sale October 1.

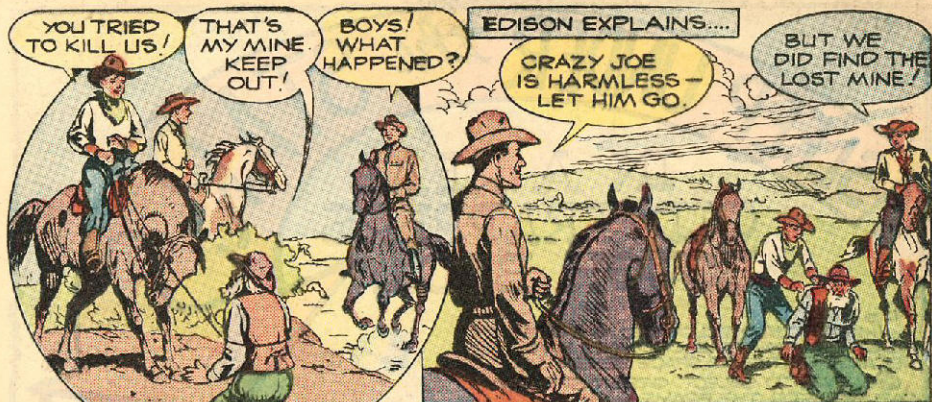


NEXT MORNING, THE BOYS EXPLORE THE COUNTRYSIDE.









YOU TRIED TO KILL US!

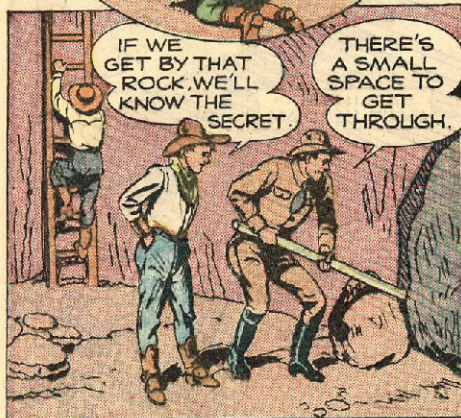
THAT'S MY MINE. KEEP OUT!

BOYS! WHAT HAPPENED?

EDISON EXPLAINS....

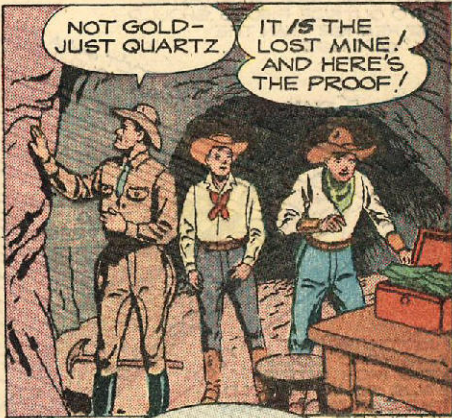
CRAZY JOE IS HARMLESS - LET HIM GO.

BUT WE DID FIND THE LOST MINE!



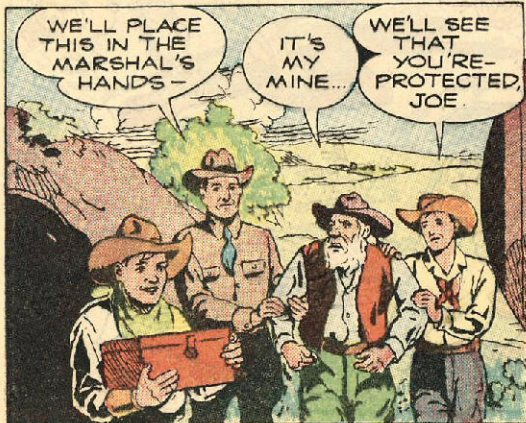
IF WE GET BY THAT ROCK, WE'LL KNOW THE SECRET.

THERE'S A SMALL SPACE TO GET THROUGH.



NOT GOLD - JUST QUARTZ

IT IS THE LOST MINE! AND HERE'S THE PROOF!



WE'LL PLACE THIS IN THE MARSHAL'S HANDS -

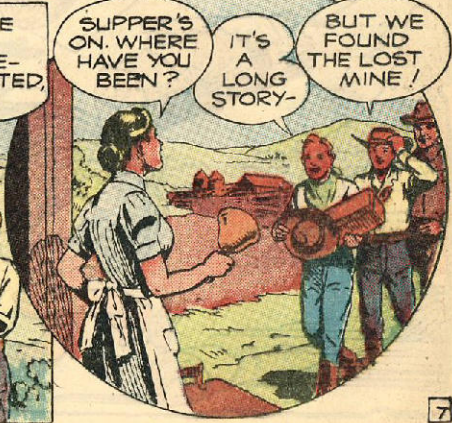
IT'S MY MINE...

WE'LL SEE THAT YOU'RE PROTECTED, JOE.

SUPPER'S ON. WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

IT'S A LONG STORY -

BUT WE FOUND THE LOST MINE!



SLEEP UNDER the STARS

IN A REAL OLD TRAPPERS BOUGH BED...

THIS IMPROVED BOUGH BED IS MORE HEALTHFUL THAN THE ORDINARY KIND BECAUSE OF THE AIR SPACE BENEATH IT.

BE SURE TO SELECT GREEN, SPRINGY SAPLINGS FOR THE FRAME, AND TRIM THEM SMOOTH. THE TWO OUTSIDE PIECES SHOULD BE HEAVIER THAN THE $1\frac{1}{2}$ " SAPLINGS.

3" DIAM.

ABOUT A FOOT AND A HALF MORE THAN YOUR HEIGHT

SAPLINGS ABOUT $1\frac{1}{2}$ " DIAM.

TWIG MATTRESS

NOTCH THE "FOOT" AND "HEAD" LOGS AT 3 INCH INTERVALS, SO AS TO HOLD THE SAPLINGS FIRMLY IN PLACE...

3" DIAM.

6" DIAM.

COVER THE BED WITH ABOUT A FOOT OF LEAFY TWIGS. BE SURE TO SELECT ONLY VERY SMALL TWIGS SO AS TO MAKE A SOFT MATTRESS...

IF YOU USE ANOTHER LOG AT THE FOOT, IT WILL HOLD THE BLANKETS DOWN...

THROW ^a

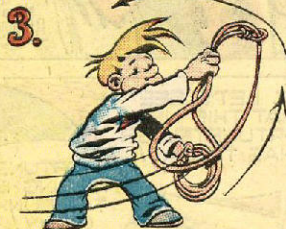
LIKE A WESTERN COWPUNCHER



1. AN OLD, SOFT CLOTHESLINE MAKES A SWELL LASSO...JUST TIE AN ORDINARY EASY-SLIDING SLIP KNOT AND PULL OUT A LOOP BIG ENOUGH TO GO OVER YOUR TARGET... ABOUT 3 FEET IN DIAMETER IS FINE.



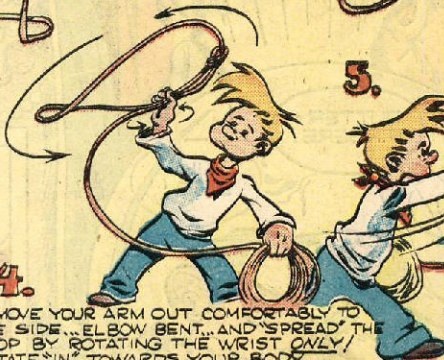
2. THEN GRASP THE LOOP AND SOME OF THE SLACK ROPE ABOUT A FOOT FROM THE KNOT. BE SURE TO REEL UP ENOUGH SLACK TO BE ABLE TO REACH THE TARGET... ABOUT 6 TO 10 FEET IS ENOUGH AT FIRST...



3. START THE "TWIRL" FORWARD AND UP, AS THO' TO TOSS IT OVER YOUR HEAD...



4. MOVE YOUR ARM OUT COMFORTABLY TO THE SIDE... ELBOW BENT, AND "SPREAD" THE LOOP BY ROTATING THE WRIST ONLY! ROTATE "IN" TOWARDS YOUR BODY...



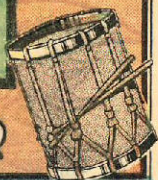
WHEN THE LOOP IS WIDE OPEN, "CAST" DO NOT THROW, THE LASSO AT YOUR TARGET. ALLOW ENOUGH HEIGHT FOR THE LOOP TO SETTLE OVER THE TARGET... LET THE SLACK RAY OUT OF ITS OWN ACCORD...

AS THE LOOP DROPS OVER THE TARGET, TIGHTEN THE SLIP KNOT BY PULLING WITH BOTH HANDS...



THE CADET

Featuring **KIT CARTER**



DOES KIT CARTER'S FATE HOLD THE DEFEAT AND DISGRACE FORECAST BY MADAME LAFULA? OR WILL DAUNTON'S HARD-HITTING QUARTER-BACK THROW THE FORTUNETELLER FOR A LOSS?

BUTTER-FINGERS!

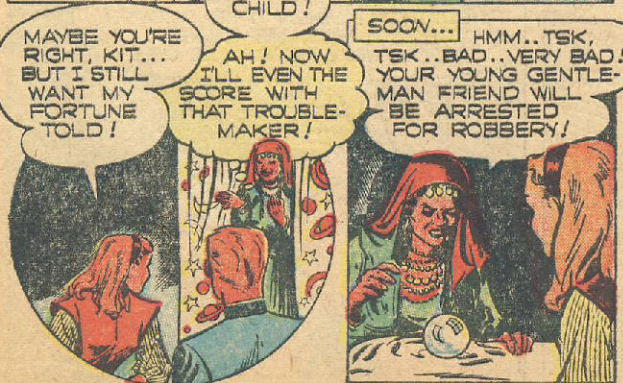
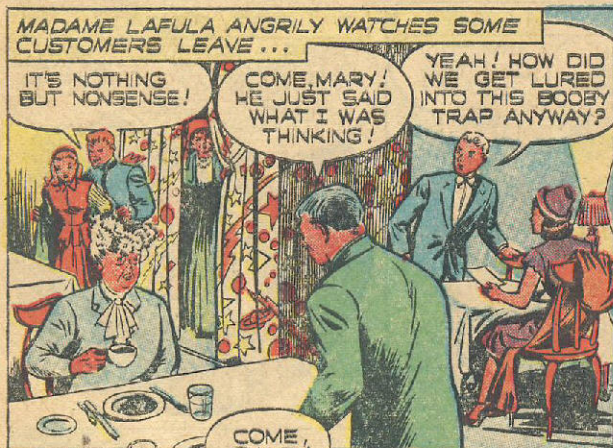
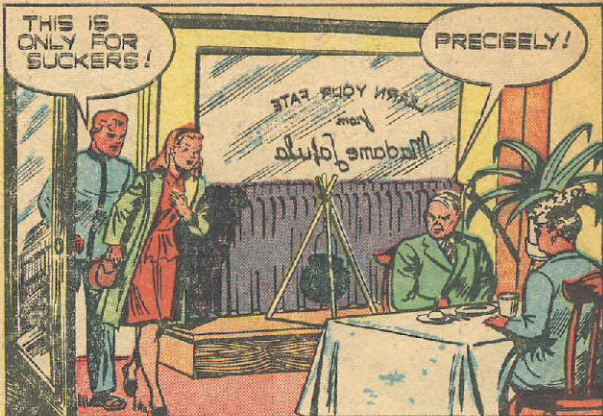
BOO!

JAIL-BIRD!

KIT, LET'S SEE WHAT THIS NEW FORTUNETELLER HAS TO SAY!

FORTUNE-TELLING IS THE BUNK, GINNY!

LEARN YOUR FATE FROM
Madame Lafula



FOOTBALL PLAYER, EH? HE WILL PROVE TO BE VASTLY OVERRATED!

YES. IN THE BIG GAME OF THE SEASON, HE WILL PLAY MISERABLY. DAUNTON WILL LOSE!

TO ROCKILL PREP! YEOW! I'VE HEARD ENOUGH FOR TODAY!

HEE-HEE! NOW SHE'LL HAVE SOME DOUBTS ABOUT HER ARROGANT BOY FRIEND!

REALLY?



GINNY IS NOT ONE TO KEEP A SECRET...

IMAGINE! KIT CARTER IN JAIL... AND LETTING ROCKILL PREP WIN! SHE MUST BE LOONY!

STRICTLY OFF THE BEAM!



THE STORY SPREADS...

HEAR ABOUT THE OLD CRACKPOT WHO SAYS KIT CARTER IS GOING TO FLOP?

YEAH. SILLY, ISN'T IT?



AND FINALLY...

SPORTS

WILL MADAME LAPULA CALL THE TURN?

The annual Daunt- Rockill classic this Saturday hinges on the play of Kit Carter who thus far has not brought up season to star but other stars

THE

Football Star

FOOL! WHY DID YOU MAKE THIS PREDICTION? WHEN IT IS PROVED FALSE, WE WILL BE RUINED! NOBODY WILL PATRONIZE US!





A FEW DAYS LATER, AN ARRIVAL FROM THE CITY CHECKS IN AT DAUNTON HOTEL.



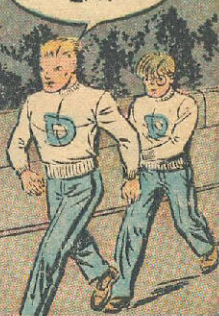
IT CAME FROM
THAT WAY!
HURRY!



KIT AND DAN DASH UP TO THE SCREAMING
COUNTESS DU CHARD!

HELP! THEY
SNATCHED MY
HUNDRED-THOUSAND
DOLLAR NECK-
LACE! THEY
WENT THAT
WAY!

WE'LL TRY
TO CATCH
'EM!

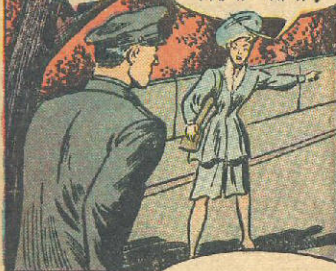


I'LL GET 'EM!
HEY THERE!
HALT!

A MOMENT LATER...

WHAT'S
ALL THAT
SCREAMING
FOR?

SOME CADETS
JUST STOLE MY
NECKLACE!
THEY WENT
THAT WAY!



STOP! HAND
OVER THAT
NECKLACE!

HUNH?



THERE'S SOME
MISTAKE, OFFICER!
WE AREN'T THE
CROOKS!

THEY
TOOK MY
NECKLACE!

YOU'RE
CRAZY!

RIGHT!
SEARCH US,
OFFICER!

DON'T LISTEN
TO THEIR LIES!
THEY ARE THE
THIEVES!

WE'LL SEE,
DOWN AT
THE STATION
HOUSE!



CHARGED WITH THEFT BY THE COUNTESS, THE BOYS ARE GRILLED AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS!

WE'LL GET THE TRUTH OUTTA YOU IF IT TAKES ALL NIGHT! WHERE DID YOU HIDE THE NECKLACE?

FOR THE HUNDRETH TIME, WE DIDN'T TAKE IT!

HOUR AFTER HOUR, THE QUESTIONING CONTINUES..

WHO WAS YOUR ACCOMPLICE? WHO HAS THE NECKLACE NOW?

FOR THE THOUSANDTH TIME..WE DON'T KNOW! WE'RE INNOCENT!

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT... TILL THE DAWN BREAKS..

WE DON'T MEAN TO BE CRUEL.. BUT THIS NECKLACE IS WORTH A HUNDRED GRAND! WE'LL KEEP UP TILL YOU CRACK!

WE'RE CRACKING ALL RIGHT... BUT WE CAN'T HELP YOU!

GEE! I'M EXHAUSTED!

THE COUNTESS IS HERE!

THAT'S GENEROUS, COUNTESS, BUT IT MEANS THAT I HAVE TO TURN TWO YOUNG WOULD-BE CROOKS FREE!

I WITHDRAW ALL CHARGES AGAINST THESE MISGUIDED BOYS!

YEAH, MIGHTY GENEROUS, COUNTESS!

GOOD NEWS! MY NECKLACE WAS RETURNED, LEFT AT MY DOOR, BY THEIR FRIGHTENED ACCOMPLICE, NO DOUBT!

SOON...

WELL, BOYS! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU ARE!

WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT... BUT THANKS FOR A LOVELY EVENING!

NEWS OF THE ARREST
TRAVELS SWIFTLY...

BECAUSE OF YOUR
SPLENDID RECORDS, I
MUST BELIEVE YOUR
FANTASTIC STORY. YOU
MAY PLAY AGAINST
ROCKILL.

THANK YOU,
COLONEL
TILGHMAN.

MADAME LAFULA
CALLED THE TURN
ON CARTER'S ARREST!
MAYBE SHE ISN'T A
QUACK AFTER
ALL!

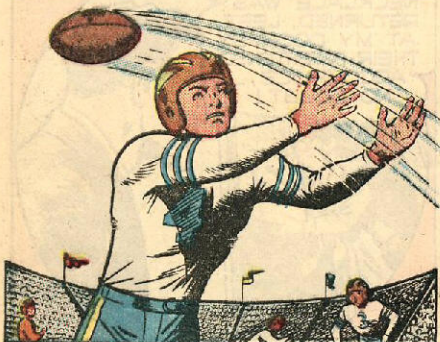
I KNOW KIT
WOULDN'T STEAL,
BUT WHAT
HAPPENED?

TIME FOR THE GAME,
AND KIT AND DAN TAKE
THEIR POSITIONS ON THE
GRIDIRON. ROCKILL KICKS
OFF...



GROGGY FROM STRAIN AND LACK
OF SLEEP, KIT FUMBLES THE BALL!

ROCKILL RECOVERS DEEP
IN DAUNTON TERRITORY!

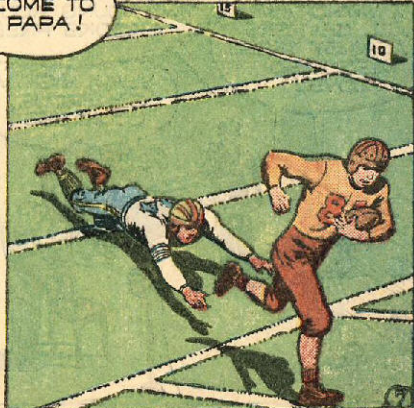
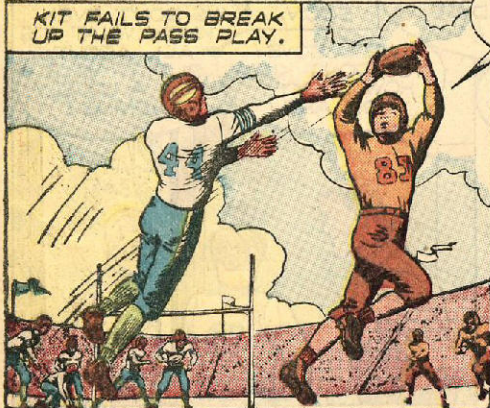


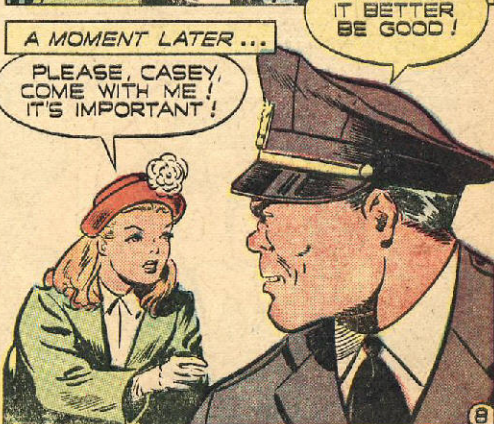
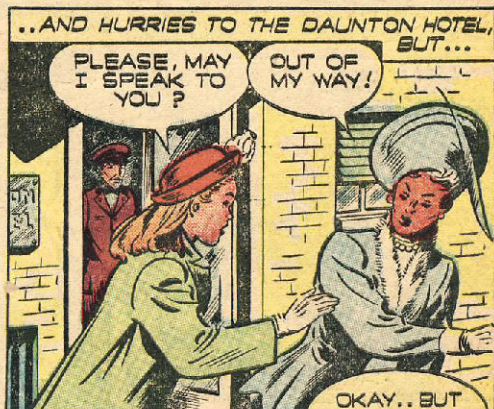
SOMETHING IS
WRONG WITH
CARTER! WE'LL
TRY A PASS IN
HIS ZONE!



KIT FAILS TO BREAK
UP THE PASS PLAY.

COME TO
PAPA!





THEY FOLLOW THE COUNTESS TO MADAME LAFULA'S, AND ENTER.



AH! WHAT A SMART TRICK WE PULLED! WE'LL MAKE A MINT OUT OF THIS RACKET NOW!

SHHH!

AS WE ENTER THE LAST QUARTER, CARTER'S EARLIER MISPLAYS LOOM UP BIGGER AND BIGGER! ROCKILL PREP STILL HOLDS A SIX-POINT LEAD!

WONDERFUL! COUSIN LUANA, YOU DID IT ALL WITH YOUR PHONY BURGLARY CHARGE!



YES! IT GOT CARTER ARRESTED ... AND MADE HIM SO EXHAUSTED THAT HE LOST THE FOOTBALL GAME ... THUS MAKING MADAME'S PREDICTIONS COME TRUE!

WHY, THE MEAN #9!!--@XX!



WE'LL CRACK DOWN ON THOSE HYENAS LATER ... BUT FIRST WE'RE GOING OUT TO THE STADIUM!



SOON...

...AND THAT'S THE STORY! WHAT A FRAME-UP!

WE'RE FIGHTING MAD, COACH! SEND US IN! GIVE US A CHANCE TO BEAT THOSE RACKETEERS!

OKAY! BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE MINUTE LEFT!

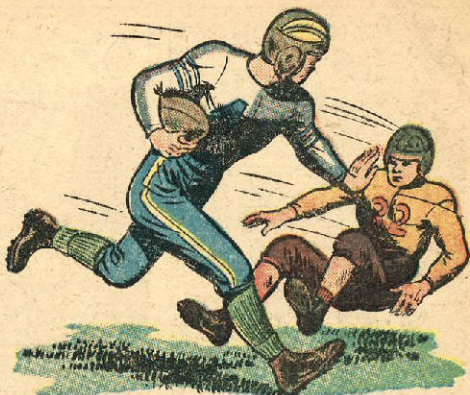
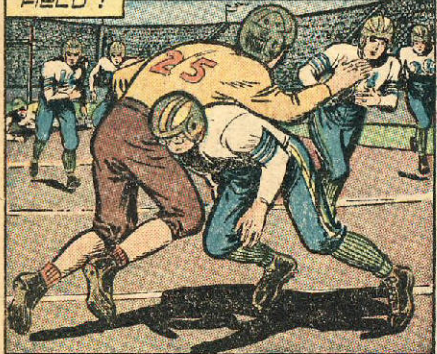
ON HIS OWN THIRTY-YARD LINE, KIT RECEIVES THE BALL ...

CLEAR THE TRACK, DAN!

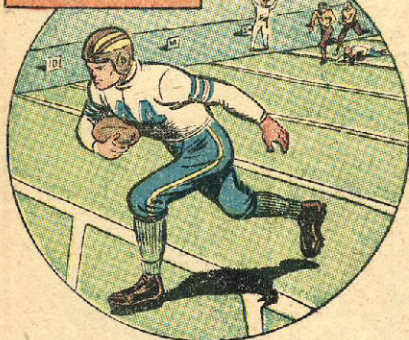
I'M SO MAD, I'LL MOW 'EM DOWN!



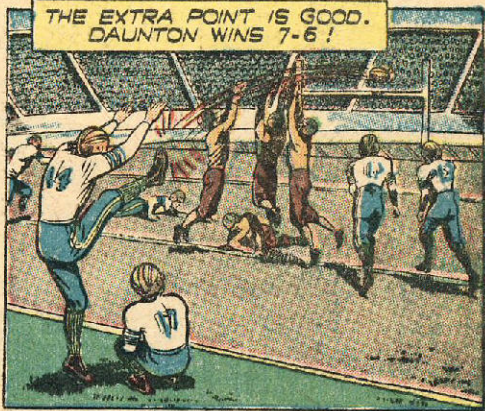
GIVEN NEW ENERGY BY THEIR ANGER, THEY STORM DOWN THE FIELD!



BREAKING INTO THE CLEAR, KIT RACES SEVENTY YARDS FOR A TOUCHDOWN!



THE EXTRA POINT IS GOOD. DAUNTON WINS 7-6!



CARTER JUST MADE NONSENSE OF YOUR PREDICTIONS, MADAME!

I'M BREAKING MY APPOINTMENT!

I'M RUINED! WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE TOWN!

ME, TOO!



LATER...

YOU'RE CLEARED, KIT! YOU CAN TAKE ME TO THE VICTORY DANCE TONIGHT!

I'D LOVE TO, GINNY. YOU SAVED US. BUT... I'M AFRAID..

(YAWN) WE'VE GOT A DATE WITH THE SAND-MAN!

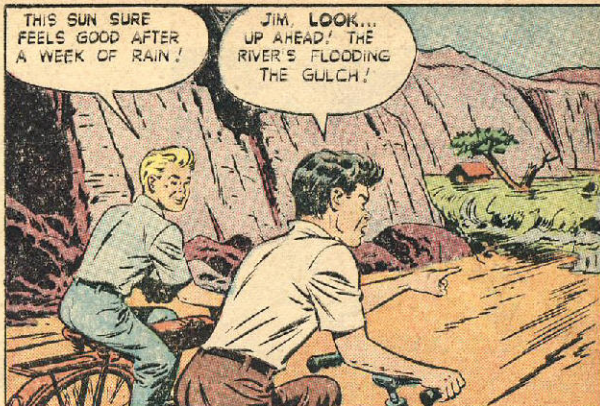


THE RACE AGAINST THE RIVER!

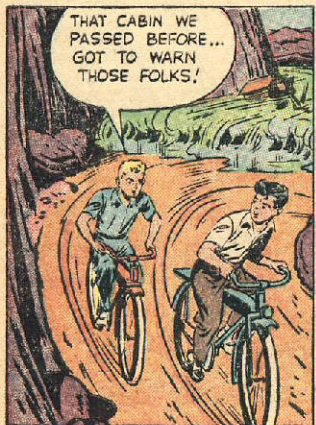


THIS SUN SURE
FEELS GOOD AFTER
A WEEK OF RAIN!

JIM, LOOK...
UP AHEAD! THE
RIVER'S FLOODING
THE GULCH!



THAT CABIN WE
PASSED BEFORE...
GOT TO WARN
THOSE FOLKS!



NOT A SECOND
TO LOSE, SIR!
THE FLOOD'S
SWEEPING DOWN
THIS WAY!

AFRAID YOU'LL
NEVER MAKE
IT ON FOOT...
WE'LL GIVE YOU
A LIFT!



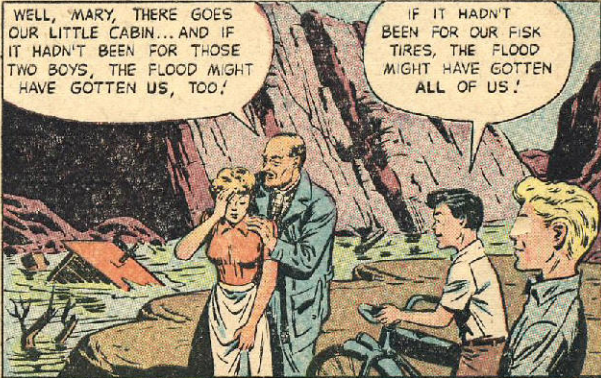
THE BOYS PEDAL HARD UP
THE SLOPE, AS THE FLOOD
RUSHES THROUGH THE
VALLEY BELOW!

BOY! THIS IS
ROUGH RIDING!
GLAD WE'RE ON
FISK TIRES!



WELL, MARY, THERE GOES
OUR LITTLE CABIN... AND IF
IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THOSE
TWO BOYS, THE FLOOD MIGHT
HAVE GOTTEN US, TOO!

IF IT HADN'T
BEEN FOR OUR FISK
TIRES, THE FLOOD
MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN
ALL OF US!



FOR SHOOTING THE HILLS,
SWEEPING THE CURVES OR
STRAIGHT-A-WAY RIDING,
FISK BIKE TIRES ALWAYS
HOLD THE ROAD, MAKE
PEDALING EASY. TRY THEM.

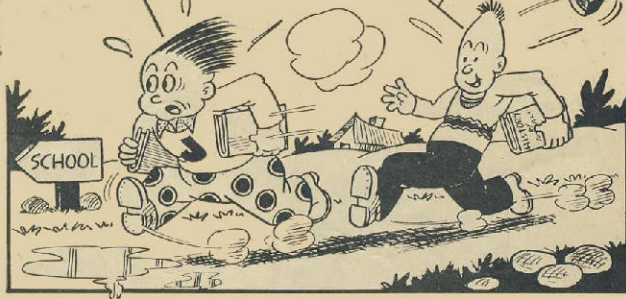
FISK BIKE TIRES

4 MOST FUN



HOW'S THAT NEW
RADIO YOUR POP
JUST BOUGHT?

OH, IT'S A
HOWLING
SUCCESS!!



WHY DO YOU SAY
THAT YOU CAN'T
UNDERSTAND HOW
A WATCH CAN KEEP
SUCH ACCURATE
TIME??

'CAUSE TIME
FLIES, AND A
WATCH ONLY
RUNS!



WHAT DO YOU
MEAN YOUR
POP'S VERY
LUCKY THESE
DAYS?

BECAUSE EVERY TIME
HE GOES INTO A
RESTAURANT, HE
ALWAYS FINDS MONEY
UNDER THE PLATES!!

MILT HAMMER





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